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AND

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Bradford

1. No subject

SONGS OF DEVON,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

OF

JOSIAS HOMELY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REGINALD ARNOLD," "TOM

STIRLINGTON," &c.

F



LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

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DR. BOWRING, M. P.

Sir,

That it was the circumstance of your having read the "TALES OF THE MOOR" with kind commendation, which encouraged me to request permission to place this book under the protection of your name, is a fact so gratifying to me, that I can scarcely be expected to withhold a knowledge of it from the public, or ever to forget it myself. Yet, why I trouble you with the patronage of a production, so trivial, perhaps to some objectionable, and certainly so imperfect as this little thing of "shreds and patches" may be found to be, remains to be explained—

By a remarkable combination of mental powers you have been enabled to give to the English public the popular poetry of foreign lands, which lay hidden from us in languages little known in this country. As translations they are allowed to be faithful; as presenting new and peculiar views of human intellect, and of national character, they are of great interest; but even in rendering to us the thoughts of others, you have left upon your pages the impress of a lofty genius and a true poet. This, in my opinion, you have peculiarly shown, by the fact, that where you have discerned a beauty you have not contemptuously flung it aside, because it was united to a defect. No one unpossessed of a mind thus happily constituted, could have given to us the translations from the

Dobelle 10 Feb 1944

Servian popular poetry, &c., &c. There are in the original conceptions sometimes puerilities and defects—they are the effect of circumstances which had cast their clouds over the genius of a people!

In the hope that the mercy which you have shown to the ancient bards of a foreign soil, you will not withhold from a son of our own green isle, whose writings may be supposed to reflect in some measure the popular feelings of your own native county in your own times, this book is respectfully submitted to your considerate and indulgent attention, with every feeling of the sincerest admiration of your genius as a poet—your conduct as a patriot, and your worth as a man.

Still it is my duty to release you from all responsibility as to whatever may be herein contained, by stating, that it is your acquaintance with my former production *alone* that has induced you to show me this kindness, and that previous to publication you were entirely unacquainted with the contents of this volume. I offer it as the only tribute I have in my power to offer to the character and genius of my distinguished countryman, who has treated me with kindness, without the most distant expectation that you are to agree with, or approve every thing contained in it.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obliged and humble servant,

JOHN BRADFORD.

Pavilion Place, Newton-Abbot. Devon.

P R E F A C E.

To publish a book without a preface is like going into a lady's boudoir without taking off one's hat.—When a man goes into company better than that he is accustomed to keep, his great anxiety is that they may not think him polite enough.—Ergo, it appears to me most logically proved that I must write a "PREFACE," although I have nothing to say in it, except that being aware of the many errors and deficiencies of this volume, I have resolved to recover my character another time. All I can say to friend or foe is that I have not done with them, for however deficient I may be in every other good quality I have the fool-hardy one of perseverance.

I would not, however, have the accidental reader of this volume to suppose that it is the production of an "Unknown," either great or little. For men of considerable weight, (being the heaviest writers of the age) under the impression, no doubt, that virtue was its own reward, have undertaken the task of abusing me. Although it turned out to be like planting a park of artillery against a "wreath of morning mist," they ought to have full credit for the goodness of their intentions.

Others, again, have thought to do the "state some service" by laughing at me, but that proves to be a more

unfortunate speculation than the other. They inflict on me a punishment to which I have been so long accustomed, that for many years past I have derived a vast deal of innocent amusement by joining the laugh against myself. Almost every boy in the county, who first begins to write for a newspaper, commences his literary labour by a "squib," or "an anecdote of Josias Homely;" Sir Walter Scott was once deceived into a notion that a poor simpleton, who lived in his neighbourhood, was perfectly contented and happy. "So Jamie" said he, "you have nought in life to hurt and vex you?" "Hae I nought to hurt and vex me?" replied the idiot in a rage, "O Laird, Laird! there is a great *turkey cock* goes lubber, lubber, about after me, go where I will!!" "Such is life," said the philosopher of Abbotsford, "every man has his *turkey cock*."—I have had mine, and am delighted to think that the more they *lubber*, the more famed I must become; besides should it not produce a sublime exultation in me, who am no man of wit myself, to be the cause of so much wit in others?

Yet some grave good people say, does this babbler mean to laugh at our beards? He flings about his poetry, and our daughters copy it into their albums. Some of the best musical talent in the county has been engaged to set his songs to music—our boys are learning them; and his ideas, mangled and crippled as they are, are thus being breathed, as it were, into the national character. What is it to us that some of them were

written at the age of fifteen? Did he not ought to have waited until he had had more experience to have enabled him to judge of their tendency, before he gave his passionate exciting nonsense to the public? Mighty fine, truly! I once knew a delightful old lady who had an only son, who being in ill health was advised to bathe in the sea; but the old lady hearing that bathing in the sea was dangerous to those who could not swim, wrote to her son's tutor, most earnestly requesting that her boy might not be permitted *to go into the water until he had become an experienced swimmer!* And so these tender dry-nurses of my reputation would have me become a popular author first, and then begin to write! May heaven guide them in safety to that paradise of fools which, according to my faith, is in reserve for innocent blockheadism.

Well, I for once will gratify them. I will allow *these* trifles to find their way to increased popularity—to condemnation—to derision, or neglect, whichever may suit the caprice and whim of a foolish generation. I will gain to myself immortality by recording a *true history!* Heaven pity the poor fellows who had for their heroes Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, or Washington. Even in the Elysian fields they shall be ready to devour their hearts with envy when they see the hero I shall bring forward—for I will record the history of “Snaily Dabbs,” alias, “Cornelius Belgrave Dabbs, Esq.” of Crazycot, in this County of Devon: and if his veritable history does not astonish the world, the world is a vast deal more stupid than I ever yet thought it to be.

A ring at the door!—a row in the passage—and—enter printer's devil in a cold sweat. Well, sir, said I, what is your pleasure? No pleasure at all, said the demon sulkily, we are waiting for the *preface* to *finish* the book.

Then thou must have it said I, though I certainly do regret that it has been so hastily written, for I have just been struck with the idea that all the world have an eye upon thee and upon me.

The features of the devil expanded into a melancholy smile—Yes sir, said he, but do you know what all the world says of *you*?

Not exactly, said I, blushing with gratified vanity—

Why then rejoined Asmodeus, the world says that your head is entirely full of all kinds of foolish fancies—Very well, I replied, and when they are informed of the additional fact that thine is quite empty, they will be sufficiently prepared to extend both to thee and to me all the charity which we stand so much in need of; so I beg to subscribe myself thine and the world's obedient servant, and wish you both a brief good night.

JOHN BRADFORD.

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SONGS OF DEVON
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

Part 1st,

Contains ALL the Songs and other Poems, written and published on various occasions, with the signature of "JOSIAS HOMELY," now for the first time collected, with notes, additions and corrections by the Author.

Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang,
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrong.

BURNS.

TO MARIE,

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH.
A BIRTH-DAY BLESSING.

Thou careless dweller in a world of care—
Young helpless wanderer in a clime of storms,
Playful inheritor of grief!—a year
O'er thy unconscious head, with silent flight,
Has melted into past Eternity.

B

Thy father, on thy natal day, should write
 To thee in words of fond *unmingled joy*,
 And such alone his heart would dictate now ;
 But memory blends the future with the clouds,
 And blighted hopes, she gathers from the past,
 Thus sadness mingles with the words of love.
 "Many a bright return of this bright day"
 Is but affection's blind and thoughtless wish.
 Ours is a clime in which bright days are few,
 And those which seem the brightest to the sense,
 Diffuse no sunshine o'er the soul. Thus, while
 I gaze upon thy bright untroubled eye—
 (A lamp of gladness or a fount of tears
 As joy or sorrow plays around the heart,)
 A mingled pang of joy and agony
 Has shot into my soul—

A silent prayer,
 Born from that thrill of mingling hope and dread,
 In heaven's chancery is written down—
 That silent blessing is my birth day gift.
 The hand that writes to thee may soon be dust ;
 The heart that beats for thee may soon be still,
 And motionless the lips which bless thee now :
 The trembling anxious parent, who would fill
 Thy cup with happiness, and strive to make
 Thy life one long and joyous jubilee,
 Will be at rest, and like a wayward child,
 In Death's cold arm, be-rocked himself to sleep.



Then all the fond aspirings of his heart
 To strew thy path with flowers, and to crowd
 With blessings only all thy transient day,
 Will, like his dust, be scattered to the breeze.
 Save haply then beside the mercy seat
 His spirit's fond petition may remain,
 And like the vapour of the incense, give
 The perfume of well-pleasing sacrifice ;
 Thus in effect, that may outlive the breath
 Which breathed it—nature's holiest wish, a prayer
 Born from the tremblings of a parent's heart,
 A *father's* prayer for thee—may perish never.

Yet think not it can give unsought-for aid ;
 I can but here record what thou should'st ask
 In meek sincerity, and strive to gain
 When dawning reason shall unfold thy mind,
 And life's grand struggle for thyself begin.
 But what the purport of thy father's prayer ?
 It does not ask for wealth—that fortune's gifts
 May tempt thee into pride and deep disdain
 Of those whose lot on earth it is to mourn ;
 It does not ask for fame—one silent hour
 In which thy heart shall tell thee all is right
 In real worth, surpasses all the names
 Inherited or won, of all the great.
 It leaves thee in His hands whose will is right,
 And who can never err—His will be done—
 And only asks for thee a power to bend

In humble thankfulness to His decree.

There is a gem of high surpassing worth,
 To which the jewels in the caves of earth
 Are but as dust, most vile and worthless dress,
 It is the deep confiding hope that shines
 (Lock'd in the chambers of the trusting heart)
 Through all life's varying scenes resigned to God.
 Could I but choose for thee, that should be thine,
 For wealth is poverty, and that is wealth.

These lines may meet thine eye when I'm at rest:
 When earth's false pleasures, and oppressing cares,
 Have stung thy heart—and made the sunlight dark,
 And planted round thy couch of midnight rest
 Pale hopes that vanish, sorrows that remain.
 Shrink not to bear the common lot of all,
 'Tis wisely ordered though yet unexplained.
 And when the circling year brings quickly round
 Thy natal day, look up to heaven with hope,
 Repeat thy father's prayer for thee, and say,
 Whate'er thy will O God—thy will be done.

Thus may each natal day bring stronger trust,
 Mild resignation annually renewed,
 And meek conformity to his wise will.
 Then shall thy gayest hours be gem'd with joys,
 Bright fugitives from Eden, who come here
 To 'lure back pilgrims to a home of bliss.

Then shall each sorrow bring its own sweet balm,
 And hours of grief bring days of lasting peace.
 Thy life shall be one banquet of content—
 Thy death the calm repose which gently falls
 On the hush'd spirit, like the dewy eve
 Upon the moon-lit lake, when zephyrs sleep,
 And summer days expire, in blessing us.

Secure this talisman—this pearl of worth—
 And though in penury, thou still art rich—
 In degradation, still art nobly great ;
 Greater and wealthier than the gaudy slaves
 In gilded bondage, link'd to fortune's wheels :
 With childish eagerness who grasp the toys
 Which feed on earth, the vanity of worms,
 But leave the heart to pine in lonely gloom,
 In vacant disappointment and disgust.

Thou need'st not look on earthly good with scorn,
 But with a calm unruffled mind regard,
 And take thy share, and be therewith content ;
 Convinced that what is given, is kindly given,
 And what denied, more kindly still withheld ;
 'Tis best for earth and better still for heaven.
 Then strive to bend each proud aspiring thought
 Down to the level where sure bliss begins.
 Meek satisfaction at the good bestowed ;
 A heart resigned and humbled into peace.

But years must pass away ere thou canst read

The lightest meaning of my lightest word.
And thou art tired too of dull delay,
So we will turn to childish sport again
And say no more about it ————— *

* "The Birth Day Blessing," and several other pieces in this collection, will have been seen perhaps by some of my readers in a form rather different from that in which they here appear. This renders a few words of explanation desirable. First—Many of the pieces here published found their way into Albums, Scrap Books, &c. and even into print, not from my own manuscripts, but from incorrect copies. It is therefore in their present form only that I am responsible for them. Secondly—Many of the longer pieces, particularly those in blank verse, were *originally written* at greater length than the printed copies, which appeared in the newspapers, considerable curtailment being necessary to render them fit for publication in such a situation. These curtailments were of less consequence, when they alluded to local events, fresh in the memory of my readers; but would now render the meaning obscure in some cases, and in other cases give to the different paragraphs the appearance of ill connected fragments. No reasons for injudicious curtailment now existing, I have used my original manuscripts, or the printed copies, whichever appeared to me most desirable. Lastly.—The additions and amendments introduced into this collection, have, it must be confessed, been numerous and extensive. No one it is thought who had been amused by the first rough sketch of a poem, thus altered, would be displeased to see it amended, and made as much more worthy of his favor, as the present opportunity enabled me to make it.

SONG.

(Bonny Maiden.)

O the beam of thy dark eye was flame-like and bright
 In the days which are fled, bonny maiden,
 Its each changing glance seem'd a varying delight,
 In bright hours—now dead, bonny maiden ;
 And mirth like a melody dwelt on thy tongue,
 And a halo of brightness around thee was flung,
 And *my* love was artless, and ardent, and young,
 In days which are fled, bonney maiden.

O a smile in the rose on thy cheek us'd to dwell,
 In days which are fled, bonny maiden,
 Or flitted thy varying emotions to tell
 In bright hours—now dead, pretty maiden ;
 But the beam of thine eye has been quench'd in a tear,
 Thy cheek is now pale, and no sweet smile is there,
 And I through the dark world now roam in despair,
 My bright hopes all fled, bonny maiden.

We parted—the spring in its beauty return'd,
 As in days which are fled, bonny maiden,
 But in winter's chill frost my cold heart was inurn'd—
 Its joys were all dead, bonny maiden ;
 O the pretty wild flowers still spangled the moor,
 The lark went on high, and was gay as of yore,
 But my broken heart wither'd, love warm'd it no more,
 And its bright hope all fled, bonny maiden.

SONG.

THE BROKEN HARE-BELL.

Oh! I have crush'd
 Thee, pretty flow'r,
 And thou art dying,
 Long before

The first sweet day, which gave thee birth
 Has vanish'd from the smiling earth.

The heedless foot
 Which trod upon
 Thy smiling face,
 My pretty one,

Meant thee no harm, yet *did* thee wrong,
 Now nought avails the wailing song.

There liv'd a maid
 By Tamer's stream,
 To seek her love
 A Soldier came,
 To woo her loveliness came he,
 But love he spoke of, jestingly.

And when she knew
 Sweet words were spoken
 To her in jest,
 Her heart was broken;
 And now, beside that maiden's grave,
 Stands in his grief, the Soldier brave.

And he would give
 The earth and main
 If he could call
 Her back again.

The Hare-bell crush'd, none could restore,
 The broken heart revives no more.

STANZAS,

Occasioned by hearing a bird utter a brief and plaintive song at a late hour of the evening, when the other choristers of the grove had long been silent.

Night bird! thou art waking,
 Though the tuneful all rest—
 And the day-beam forsaking
 Its cloud in the west.
 Has the day brought thee sorrow?
 Has the darkness brought dread?
 Dost thou fear for to morrow?
 Dost thou wail for the dead?

The sweet sigh of the evening
 Woos thee softly to rest;
 The night breeze stirs gently
 The plume on thy breast;
 And the sweet-briar and moss-rose
 Their breath round thee shed—
 Like the fragrance of incense,
 Where the vesper prayer's said.

Night bird—thou art waking,
 Though the tuneful all rest;
 And thy mournful note breaking
 This silence so blest.

Too far hast thou wandered?
 On thy pinion so fleet,
 And the sudden night hindered
 Thy homeward retreat?

In thy home of the valley
 The loved ones are met—
 While thou chantest lonely
 Thy song of regret.
 Thus youth, in its gladness,
 For home has no care—
 In the dark hour of sadness,
 The lone heart is there.

Night bird thou art waking,
 Though the mirthful repose—
 But soon morn will be breaking,
 Thy home to disclose.
 Let thy slumber be silent—
 Thy visions be bright—
 For thou art not forsaken,
 Lone child of the night.

I too am in darkness,
 My brief life a dream—
 A dim fairy beacon,
 On a dark rolling stream.

But though sadly I wander—
 Though doubtful I roam—
 There is goodness and wisdom
 Conducting me home.

THE PAUPER LABOURER.

The strong attachment of the villagers of North Devon to their native places, is proverbial and remarkable. When the Poor Law Amendment Act was brought first into operation there, nothing excited so much dread among the aged and infirm, nothing excited so much indignation among the sturdy labourers, as the fear that the old people would be removed from the homes of their youth, the graves of their fathers, and the dwelling places of their children. The case alluded to is not imaginary.

The sun light of the winter's eve,
 Grew dim upon the moor,
 An aged white hair'd poor old man,
 Stood by his cottage door;
 "And have I lived with tears he said,
 This heavy day to see,
 When I must quit this dear old spot,
 And home's not home to me.

Many a winter's snows have fallen
 Upon this old loved cot;
 Many a summer's sun has shone
 Upon my happy lot,

Since here my mother led me forth,
 To sport with childish glee,
 Yet now when old and worn and poor,
 My home's not home to me.

From hence a boy my father's team
 I learnt to drive a-field,
 From him I learnt the woodman's craft,
 And learnt the flail to wield;
 When first I won the wrestler's prize,
 We laugh'd his pride to see—
 Ah! these were fair and happy days—
 Then home *was* home to me.

And when the good old man grew weak,
 And stricken well in years,
 I guided forth his faltering steps,
 And wiped away his tears.
 We yonder in the house of God,
 Together bent the knee,
 And there we both together prayed,
 Then home *was* home to me.

And here too 'twas my bonnie boys,
 From youth to manhood grew—
 Two handsome, brave, and fair hair'd lads,
 Who fell at Waterloo;

The rich man's pride, which made the wars
 The poor man's misery,
 Tore from my heart my fair hair'd boys—
Thus home's not home to me.

For, had they lived to toil for me,
 Who fell to save the land,
 I should not thus for charity
 Hold up my trembling hand.
 Their blood smoked on a foreign plain—
 I'm like a blasted tree—
 No prop sustains my wither'd strength ;
Thus—home's not home to me.*

How shall we tell the poor old soul,
 The mother of my boys,
 That she must quit her home at last,
 And lose her last of joys.—
 Her *last of joys*—to wet with tears
 The ground on which they trod ;
 She's wedded to a banish'd man,
 She has no home—O God !

* The sons were DRAWN in the militia. Deprived of their help, the father was obliged to give up his little farm; they, in despair, volunteered into regiments of the line, and fell, as described. These lines were not written in a spirit of hostility to the poor-law amendment act, but with a deep and indignant conviction that many things in our social system requires amendment, as well as the poor laws.

Oh, God ! that word revives my heart,
 For He is good and just—
 'Tis *He* has mingled joys and pains
 To try the child of dust.
 The proud one's might can go thus far,
 Here stay'd his power must be ;
 Home for the homeless and forlorn,
 The grave's a home for me.

And now my brave and generous lads,
 With whom till now I've toil'd,
 Be peaceful and obey the laws,
 Then shall your foes be foil'd.
 Forgive an old heart-broken man,
 If falling tears you see ;
 My heart seems dead within my breast,
 Since home's not home to me."

THE DYING EXILE TO HIS BRIDE.

They told thee that the tempest cloud
 Was gathering o'er my fated head ;
 But thou didst scorn the warning proud—
 We gaily to the desert sped,
 That we might love in lonely joy,
 And none might frown upon our bliss,
 Where desert winds with wild flowers toy,—
 Twin spirits of the wilderness.

The lingering sun-set leaves the west—
 The wakening night breeze fans my brow;
 Fast sinking into deadly rest,
 My heart beats faintly sad and low.
 But count its last expiring swell—
 To thee 'tis given, to thee 'tis due,
 For thou wert faithful though I fell,
 And all the proud predicted true.

Thou'rt whispering words of holy peace,
 To him who taught thee first to mourn;
 But who shall soothe *thy* loneliness,
 When my frail lamp shall cease to burn.
 One parting smile—I die—I die—
 And raise once more thy vesper hymn,
 That my sooth'd spirit now may fly,
 To heaven with thy pure offering.

Close—close my eyes—my senses reel—
 Mark thus my monumental urn;
 For all the love the pure could feel,
 Thou'dst all the faithful could return.
 That love is *still* my gem of worth,
 Though hearts asunder thus are riven;
 'Tis all of heaven I've had on earth--
 'Tis all of earth I take to heaven.

TO A PRIMROSE.

On seeing one in full bloom in January.

Sweet primrose, beguiling
 With the warmth of deceit,
 Was the sunbeam so smiling
 Which sought thy retreat ;
 Thou didst hasten to meet him,
 And his smile to repay ;
 Ere thou fondly could'st greet him
 He had melted away.

The false smile of the morning
 Gave thy loveliness birth,
 But the night tempest scorning
 Thee, frail gem of the earth,
 Will unfold his fierce pinion
 In the black midnight hour,
 And assert his dominion,
 Like a tyrant in power.

When the lark shall awaken
 His song of delight,
 And the hawthorn be shaken
 By the spring zephyrs' flight—
 When the bee from his slumber
 Shall arise without dread,
 Thee I sadly shall number,
 Sweet flower, with the dead.

Thus my soul's embryo pleasures,
 The gems of my heart,
 And young joy's blooming treasures,
 Prematurely depart;
 O the fond hopes I cherish,
 Earth's cold blasts destroy,
 And they one by one perish,
 'Ere their season of joy.

THE SWALLOWS' DEPARTURE.

By FREDERICK BURRINGTON.

Inserted by permission of the Author.

Birds of the tireless wing ye are flown,
 To roam in the light of a sunnier zone;
 Ye have skimm'd the green mead with the morn's first beams,
 And mirror'd yourselves in the fairest streams,
 Ye have tasted the warmth of the summer sky,
 In regions which dazzle and dim the eye.
 And when night hath been rob'd in her darkest pall,
 A home ye have found beneath cottage and hall.
 But winter's cold breath ye have scented far,
 And heard the first sound of his tempest war,
 And from the wild din of the stormy day—
 Ye are gone o'er the deep away—away.
 Ye have passed the light bark with the swelling sail,
 And behind ye have left the panting gale—
 And now flutter with gladness your glossy wings,
 In the spicy climes where the palm tree springs.

How many like ye the world displays ;
 'The sunshine friends of our summer days ;
 Who bask in the warmth of our kindness, while
 The golden features of fortune smile,
 But fly when poverty's wintry hour,
 Creeps o'er the heart with chilling pow'r,
 And like ingrates leave it in cold distress
 To battle the storm in its loneliness.

F. B.

THE FATE OF THE FALSE ONE.

Suggested by reading the beautiful lines by F. B.

“THE SWALLOWS’ DEPARTURE.”

The bird of the ebon pinion flies !
 The friendship light of the false one dies !
 The swift-winged bird a new home has made
 In the holy rest of the palm tree's shade ;
 And he who but laughs in the halls of joy,
 Sells his friendship to him who can *buy* the toy ;
 And the sullen frown of the winter hour,
 Their darkness on the lone heart pour ;
 And he of the truthful soul is sad,
 And he of the false heart gay and glad

Did'st thou hear that sigh on the southern seas ?
 'Tis the land-ward rush of the vernal breeze ;
 In the gardens of Irem he tarried long,
 And sighed as the birds of Aden sung.

From the spicy groves he now loves to roam,
 And scatter their sweets o'er the ocean foam ;
 And fly to some dell of the sunny north
 Where the snow-drop is meekly looking forth.

The rush of fleet pinions hast thou heard ?
 'Tis the home-ward flight of the summer bird,
 To his home from afar he is come again,
 For barrenness dwells on the tropic plain ;
 And the poison tree with its bright green shade,
 Sheds its deadly delight* through the southern glade.
 In the cloudless sky is the samiel's breath,
 And the citron grove is the haunt of death ;
 The spring's voice called, and their cohorts met
 Round the mosque, and the dome, and the minaret ;
 For the sunshine and splendour were turn'd to gloom,
 As their fond hearts pined for their northern home ; †
 And the blush of the wild flower is on the plain,
 And the fountain is free from the icy chain ;

* "Deadly delight."—One of the eastern legends of the Upas tree is, that it casts a most inviting shade, which seems to tempt the weary traveller to repose. But if *bird*, beast, or man, seek its shelter, they seem to fall into a soft delicious slumber, from which they never awake.

† "Northern home."—It may not be generally known in how literal a sense this may be understood. By taking observation of those which have any remarkable peculiarity of plumage, it is ascertained that the swallows do often return to the parental nest after their migrations. The return of one with a white feather in its wing was noticed for two or three seasons, at a village in the North of Devon, some years since, by a curious observer of nature.

And the ivy no longer an emblem of gloom,
 Looks bright on the ruin and the tomb ;
 Soft sun-light comes down on the holy fane,
 And the green leaves are hung in our woods again ;
 And the bird of the dark and glossy plume,
 For the cot has exchanged the lofty dome.
 All nature is joyful, but what can impart
 Joy to the false one's frozen heart ?
 Though summer and gladness await at its gate,
 His dark heart is cold and desolate ;
 Though the spring may travel from pole to pole,
 Eternal the winter that rests on his soul.

WINTER'S LAST TROPHY.

Occasioned by seeing the remnant of a pyramid of snow
 near a bed of early flowers.

Pale remnant of dark and tempestuous hours,
 What dost thou here in the time of flowers ?
 Thy kindred with frolic, and tumult and foam,
 Are wending their way to their ocean home ;
 And in sun-light and mirth, where the fountains play,
 They are calling to *thee*—come away—away.

Hark the gentle voice of that breeze is heard
 Which brings to our shores the summer bird ;
 And their joyous bands in the south have met,
 Around tower, and dome, and minaret.
 They will laugh in scorn, o'er the dull delay,
 Of their tyrant slain—so away—away.

And the infant flowers, with laughing eyes,
 Are looking upon thee with meek surprise ;
 The spring's young blossoms around thee blow,
 The cold stern frowns of their vanquish'd foe,
 The fair and the frail can no more dismay,
 Let their sweet breath warn thee—away—away.

The south sends her army of zephyrs forth,
 They have walk'd on the hills of the frozen north ;
 And joy fills with song the lark's speckled breast,
 And the bee has awoke from its winter rest.
 Weep on—weep on—till thy heart decay,
 All glad things hate thee—away—away.

THE MANIAC'S SUICIDE.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light
 Which God my east, my sun reveals.

Chatterton.

Come away—come away from that silent bier,
 For a heart bruised with sorrows is resting there,
 And the phrenzied spirit has fled—
 For the mercy of man it had sought in vain,
 (That mercy which rends the heart in twain)
 To the mercy of God is sped.

Let him rest—let him rest in his calm death sleep,
Let no sordid slaves here their vigil keep—

He has parted from all beneath ;
Though no requiem lay we may dare to raise,
See ! the tranquil smile of his beauteous days
Come back with the shadow of death.

He will wake—he will wake from life's fever'd dream
And the goodness of God on his spirit will beam,

Who hath doubted and dreaded his power :
The good heart wild passions might tear from repose,
As the whirlwind may shatter the bloom of the rose—
Let us weep o'er the wreck of the flower.

It is life—it is life—is a fitful disease,
And death to the maniac is comfort and ease—

The path of despair he has trod ;
The spirit in darkness its progress has run,
But the eagle unbounded knows his way to the sun—
The contrite in heart to their God.

He had sought—he had sought in the folly of pride,
What the wisdom of mercy hath kindly denied—

He had fought with the troubled wind :
See ! the throes of death have had power to raise
The unruffled smile of his joyous days,
As they freed the bewildered mind.

He is free—he is free from the shackles of earth,
This moment of horror—the hour of his birth !

His dwelling of clay was his tomb.
Though the darkest wreaths we spread on his bier,
And each heart sheds o'er him its bitterest tear,
The blest hail the wanderer home.

EVENING HYMN TO THE DEITY.

Now in the soft and silent hour
Which links the dying day to night,
In thankfulness and prayer, before
Thy throne of mercy and of might
Thy creatures see.
The things which perish have all day
Fill'd with care each troubled breast,
And led our wandering thoughts astray ;
The first fruits of our hours of rest
Belong to THEE.

Star after star awakens bright
Within the deep vault of the sky,
Like spangles on the robe of night,
The temple of the Deity—
They light for prayer.
Hush'd are the night winds in their caves ;
Sweet flowers are bent with evening dew ;
Charm'd to still rest the slumbering waves
Yield thee their silent worship too—
And Thou art here.

Here—in thy mercy and thy love ;
 Here—in thy night flowers' fragrant breath ;
 Here—in the twinkling star above ;
 Here—in the silent wave beneath ;
 Here—in each heart ;
 While lifeless and unconscious things
 Thus yield thee up their silent praise ,
 O let the praise each spirit brings
 Be not less pure , less sweet than these ;
 Accept our part .

Creator of the beauteous earth !
 Great builder of the arched heaven !
 Who giv'st to day—to night their birth ,
 And to the soul of man hast given
 To read in these
 Thy wisdom , goodness , power , and love ,
 Though past our trembling lips to speak ;
 Though far our loftiest thoughts above ,
 Accept the offering of the weak —
 Accept our praise .

TO LOUISE.

May'st thou be happy—through thy blooming youth ,
 While fairy visions floating by are deck'd in hues of truth ;
 And when thy youth is fading—its sweet delusions flee ,
 And turn to stern realites—still happy may'st thou be .

May'st thou be happy—while the morning hours
 Pass by with merry minstrelsy, and strew thy path with
 flowers;
 And when the tear of evening wets the daisy on the lea,
 Thy heart still bath'd in blissful hope—still happy may'st
 thou be.

May'st thou be happy—while I in sadness stray,
 I would not that one care of mine to thee should find its way;
 And when I raise the wine cup to quaff with reckless glee,
 Each care of mine shall vanish love—if happy thou mayst be.

May'st thou be happy—while in manful strife,
 I'm cast a doom'd and batter'd bark upon the sea of life;
 Around me howls the tempest—beneath me roars the sea,
 Amidst it all I raise my song—if happy thou may'st be.

May'st thou be happy—when relentless foes
 Have crush'd me in the struggle, and darkly life shall close;
 Or should glory crown the banner of the valiant and the free,
 This is my soul's deep triumph—that happy thou wilt be.

“THE EMBLEM.”

Written in allusion to Mr. Bulteel's recommendation, that the
 Rose be adopted as the “emblem” of her Majesty's Government,
 and respectfully dedicated to

LADY ELIZABETH BULTEEL.

In Sharon's green plains **FREEDOM**'s red rose once grew,
 While the chosen of God raised the song of their bliss,
 And she smiled as unfettered the breeze round her flew,
 And gave her sweet breath in exchange for his kiss.

But the land grew enslaved—and the bigot had power,
 And the dust of the desert fell thick on her bloom;
 O the hand of the free had first nurtured the flower,
 And the land of the shackled to her was a tomb.
 When the foot of the fettered her beauty had brush'd
 In death the fair flower of Sharon lay crush'd.

In the gardens of Gull, when the rose was in bloom,
 And the nightingale sang to her all the night long,
 Young Zorab, fair Persia's sultana, came down
 To breathe the sweet zephyr and hear the bird's song.
 Thus a slave she address'd—"Go pluck that sweet flower,
 Bear it hence to my lord as an emblem of me,
 Be the star of his garden the pride of his bower,
 Or his ensign of war Zorab's red rose shall be."
 But 'twas emblem alone for the *free and the brave*,
 And it **DIED** in the *pestilent breath of a slave*.

In Albion, the pride and the hope of the earth,
 Two roses, twin-sisters, long strife did maintain;
 One blush'd like the sky where the morning has birth,
 One rival'd the snow-flake which lies on the plain;
 Fierce war march'd before them, and famine pursued,
 And carnage and discord around them were spread,
 The patriot's zeal turn'd to partizan's feud,
 The slave paid them homage, and liberty fled;
 The tear of the widow oft watered their pride—
 When the blood of the subject fell on them, they died.

But now, England, for thee, fairer prospects disclose—
 Happy land of the bold, of the fearless, the free ;
 For *Liberty's* tree will be prop for the rose,
Thy rose the chief ornament plac'd on that tree ;
 Here no fetter'd foot treads on the soil of thy land,
 No slave shall e'er breathe on our royal rose here,
 Our Isle of the ocean, with loyalty mann'd,
 Offers love to its sovereign untarnished by fear.
 Our “emblem” of peace, and our war cry, shall be
Victoria ! the rose of the loyal BUT free.

THE TRANSATLANTIC FLOWER.

In an article on “Atlantic Steam Navigation” in a number of the “Quarterly Review,” is the following:—“One of the passengers in this ship (the Great Western) brought over a splendid bouquet of American flowers, which he was enabled to present to a Lady, (such was the rapidity of the voyage) it seemed almost as fresh as if the dew was still on it.

The fire-ship* flew like the carrier dove
 With the greetings of peace and the words of love;
 O'er the bounding waves she has swept along,
 With the minstrel's mirth and the mariner's song.
 She has bounded on with the valiant brave,
 Where the halcyon slept on the summer wave,
 And the petrel—child of the sullen storm,
 She has left in her flight—where its spectre form
 Is seen to flit o'er the billows foam,
 Swift as a shade from the silent tomb.

* Fire ship. The Chinese of Canton have the politeness to call our steam boats, “*The fire ships of the Barbarians.*”

The brave and the valiant had gathered round,†
 And with blessings had greeted the ‘HOME-ward bound;’
 She had left on the deep in stern amaze,
 The most gallant barks of the by gone days.‡
 Now the lordly merchants are counting o'er
 Her wealth and her gems and her golden store;
 And the sons of pleasure have hastened forth,
 For the crystal draughts of the frozen north.||
 But why is that maiden standing by,
 With a diamond tear in her deep blue eye?

What means the tumult which swells her breast?
 What comes to *her* from the distant west?
 Frail dying child of the passing hour,
 Sweet gem of her heart — *tis a fading flower*—
 A lov'd one had dropt on its bloom a tear,
 She bends o'er the gift and *his* breath is there,
 Like *love himself* from his *native sky*,
 Come here for a moment to *smile* and *die*.

† A hundred thousand New Yorkers assembled to witness the departure of the *Great Western*, calling her the “HOME-ward bound,” in affectionate remembrance of the common origin of the two great nations. Thus does commercial intercourse re-unite the tie of brotherhood among nations, even when war, at once the consequence and the curse of man's mistaken ambition, has severed it.

‡ The New York “*Liners*” are the finest *sailing* vessels in the world.

|| Crystal draughts. One of the most remarkable American speculations, consequent on the rapidity of transit, is the exportation of ice, not only to England, but to *supply the inhabitants of Calcutta* with that unwonted luxury !! A few years since this would have appeared too wild for the stories of the hundred nights.

THE WANDERER HOME.

The traveller who all night long
 Through darkness wends his way,
 Knows when the sky has darkest grown
 Near is the dawn of day ;
 To him that dawn appears most bright
 As daughter of the darkest night.

Light rising on the playful wing
 Of Zephyr comes a shower,
 And o'er the green vale hovering
 Weeps to the morning flower :
 And brightest is that vernal day
 Whose morn has wept its clouds away.

Our cares and fears of yesterday
 We to the winds will give,
 Save that to sweeten present joy
 Their memory shall live ;
 Our new born joy shall be more dear,
 As child of sorrow and of care.

Come gaily touch thy sweet guitar,
 Our hearts will both beat time ;
 I left each anxious thought afar,
 In a dark and distant clime,
 When o'er the restless wave I flew
 And found thee happy, fair, and true.

MARIE (RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS).

The language of childhood is the language of the imagination and of the affections: *it is often unpremeditated poetry*; or, as Hannah More has more correctly expressed it, it furnishes some excellent materials for poetry: but to those who have unhappily lost their sympathies with innocence, human *character* is only of interest *after* it has commenced its career of folly, vanity, and crime.

I am coming—I am coming
 From yon field of many flowers,
 Where the sweetest of earth's blossoms
 Bespangle fairy bowers;
 I am bringing—I am bringing
 A chaplet for your brow—
 So you must not call me truant,
 Nor be angry with me now.

I have wander'd—I have wander'd
 Where the lark was on the wing,
 And the black-bird chanting anthems
 To the young and flowery spring;
 And there were village maidens,
 With delight upon their brow;
 So you should not call me truant,
 Nor be angry with me now.

As we sported—as we sported,
 We heard the bull-finches sing,
 And *one swallow* flitted by us
 On his swift and glossy wing.

Why, father, all is gladness,
 Where the deep ting'd blossoms grow—
 So you should not call me truant,
 Nor be angry with me—no!

You said some little people,
 From the fields of fairy land,
 Might be tripping elfin circles
 On the bright and yellow sand ;
 Or that some passing angel
 From his cloudy car might bow ;
 Is he, like me, a truant ?
 Who is angry with us now ?

ANSWER.

Not the father—not the father
 Of the rosy, joyous spring,
 To whom the spirit's gladness
 Is the sweetest earthly thing ;
 As each wild flower spends its fragrance,
 Each heart to him should bow—
 So I will not call you truant,
 Nor be angry with you now.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

UNUSUALLY DEPRESSED BY HEAVY MISFORTUNE.

Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there ye'll get there
 Ye'll find nae ither where.

BURNS.

Rude is the prospect round you spread—
 Rough is the path you have to tread—
 Avoid distrust and fear :
 Use cheerfully the honest means
 Which heaven for you, for *all* ordains,
 With providential care :

Nor murmur at the wise decree
 Which placed your lot in poverty,
 For nature's wants are few;
 If *goodness only* brings content,
 What boots it whether wealth or want
 Should prove our trial below.

For industry is all you need ;
 The hand which earns your daily bread
 Earns *independence too*.
 And is some gaudier gift denied?
 'Tis done to check some foolish pride
 Which on that gift may grow.

Let honour still where'er you stray,
 The guardian spirit of your way,
 Upon your course attend.

Howe'er the veering gale may blow,
 Let fortune's tide or ebb or flow,
 She's still a *matchless* friend.

Tempted by wealth, or tried by woe,
Do ever as you ought to do.

And peace your lot will bless;
 When from the golden rule you stray,
 You've lost dear boy, you've *lost* the way
 Which leads to happiness.

To make us blest is heaven's delight;
 But bliss is where the heart is right—
 On this great truth depend—
 While destiny here schools the mind,
 The circumstances we *shall find*
 Best suited to that end.

Praised by the vain, we too grow vain,
 'Till humbled pride grows wise again
 Beneath correction's rod;
There finds that peace which is denied
 To power, ambition, wealth, and pride—
 The humble dwell with God.

In error—some we happier call;
 But heaven bestows their share on *all*
 Of active joy or rest:
 Great truth! by us ill understood,
 That heaven alone can know the good,
 And heaven alone the blest.

What know we of our earthly state?
 This—good is bliss, and conduct fate—
 What of the world to come?
 That we are pilgrim wanderers here,
 Fast journeying to a brighter sphere,
 That *brighter sphere* our HOME.

LINKS,

Supposed to be addressed by a Mother to her only living Child.

Why is thy soft blue eye, with searching glance,
 Examining thy mother's face, my child ?
Can'st thou have noted that a tear has damp'd
 The cheek that smiles in harmony with thine ?
 Thou seem'st to wonder, that the eye which looks
 With fond unutterable love on thee,
 Should thus be-dim'd with ought betokening grief !

* * * * *

My own ! thou art my only living child !

* * * * *

'Tis thus a sadness mingles with the joy
 Which circles round thy mother's throbbing heart ;
 'Tis thus the smile which welcomed thee to life
 Was darken'd by remembrance of the dead.
 Thou had'st a brother, who was fair like thee,
 And on his cheek the rosy hue of health

To my pleased fancy token'd many years ;
 I thought a noble fearlessness of soul
 Like to his father's, gleam'd from his dark eye—
 (Hush—do not weep my child because *I* weep)
 —He pass'd away—he only came to earth
 To smile upon his mother and to die !

Like the still evening dews on closing flowers,
 On thy hush'd spirit silent rest descends ;
 Tomorrow thou wilt wake again to joyous life.
My eyes are watchful, and my soul is sad,
 Still let me press thee to my bursting heart,
 And bless thee while thou sleepest ; let me watch
 The dark ting'd eyelid closing on its mate,
 And chant to thee the hymn thou lov'st to hear.
 But my voice falters, for a nameless dread
 Still turns a mother's rapture into fear—
 The blossoms of my heart were swept away
 Like summer flowers before the autumn winds,
 And thou alone art left to me—a pearl
 Of all loves treasury, alone preserved.

Now in the dread deep silence of the night,
 When care is wearied out and gone to rest ;
 When grief has number'd o'er its woes and sleeps ;
 When slumb'ring misers have forgot their gold,
 And woe-worn poverty its wretchedness,
 Thy mother's anxious heart is still awake ;
 A rushing melody of sad sweet sounds
 Is trembling on my lip—I'll try to sing.

Ah ! much of sad experience must be thine,
 Ere thou wilt fully comprehend why words
 Though fondly uttered are thus sad in sound.
 The careless sports, the passionless delights
 Of childhood's bright, and laughter-loving hours,
 Must all have melted into one fond dream
 Of love and tenderness—the life of life—
 The image of the loved one must have smiled
 Upon thee in the features of his son ;
 Death must have stood beside thee and have snatch'd
 Away the gem, the pearl-drop of thy heart—
 O yes, thou must become what I now am
 Ere thou canst comprehend why tears
 And smiles are mingling on thy mother's cheek ;
 Why sadness chequers thus the thrilling joy,
 Which passes through each fibre of my heart,
 When thou dost press thy little lips to mine
 And I embrace—*my only living child*,
 And sing to her the song she seems to love.

SONG.

The moon is sinking in the billow,
 The night bird's song will shortly cease ;
 Thy mothers breast—thy own lov'd pillow,
 Woes thee to slumber there in peace.
 Come, now the breeze is softer sighing,
 And each wild flower hangs its head,
 While Angel visitants are hieing
 Hitherward to guard thy bed :

Now softly let thy eyelids close,
Sweet be thy spirit's calm repose.

Bright eyes are looking down from heaven—
Holy harps are hymning there,
Though from our arms the loved were riven,
They can't forget to love us here.
One voice, than all the rest seems stronger,
Yet tis sweetest of the choir,
Hark, it joins thy mother's number,
It chants the air we all admire—
Sister, let thy eyelids close,
Sweet be thy spirit's calm repose.

SONNET.

Written at "Lover's Leap" on the banks of the Dart.

I'd live a hermit on the craggy side,
Of this rude rock, which juts its rugged breast,
Where murmuring at delay the waters glide ;
Running their restless race in *search* of rest.
The rapid Dart with its own foam at play,
Dashing, and rippling as it speeds along,
As through the rocks its gushing waters stray,
Should raise a chorus to my morning song.
And when at eve the moon in vain essays
To view her likeness in the playful stream,
And the soft radiance of her smiling rays,
Strays o'er the wave in many a sparkling beam,
Pure would my Vesper Hymn ascend on high—
Meek could I live, and humbly trusting, die.

THE INCONSTANT.

Twas night—and fiercely raged the storm,
 Some spirit seemed to chide him ;
 It pass'd, and sweetly broke the morn,
 Nought from himself could hide him.
 Once had he woo'd a trusting maid,
 Her trusting heart had broken—
 Why is the lingering curse delay'd ?
 He knows his doom is spoken.

With madden'd hand the wine cup fill—
 It has no power to ease him ;
 Fair forms are gliding round him still—
 What charm have they to please him ?
 The mirthful madness of the bowl
 Shows but the dark thought smothered ;
 Can beauty's glance e'er charm a soul
 Which that sweet glance has withered ?

Thus the destroyer stands destroyed,
 Though wealth and power surround him ;
 His heart a blank, a dreary void,
 Earth's choicest joys around him.
 And love is thus a lovely flower,
 To true hearts who enjoy it ;
 But crush'd, it bears envenom'd power,
 For those who thus destroy it.

THE MAGIC OF THY TEAR.

Oh no, I would not see thee weep,
 Yet highly have I prized thy tear;
 At night upon the darken'd deep
 I've thought of it the gloom to cheer—
 The tear thou didst at parting shed,
 That talisman's full spell to show,
 I've fought amidst the friendly dead,
 And fearless dared the living foe.

And when, becalm'd, the waters slept,
 And listless crept the tedious hours;
 Or when the wild tornado swept
 With ruthless wing the Indian shores—
 When pillow'd on the Baltic foam,
 Or drifting on th' Atlantic wave,
 In memory like a gem of home,
 To my lorn soul it sweetness gave.

At length my long-left home I seek,
 And press thee to my heart at last;
 A tear of joy is on thy cheek,
 My sweet reward for dangers past—
 Now gaily let me see thee smile,
 Thy joyous voice in gladness hear,
 I proudly will recount the while,
 The charm—the magic of thy tear.

ELLA—THE MANIAC MAID.

Over the grave of her former friend.

Being at a village in South Wales. I went in the evening, into the Churchyard. The Sun had just disappeared behind the heaving waves of the distant Ocean, a lingering beam of the fading twilight still streamed through the pointed windows of the old Church rendering some of the objects within "dimly visible." I stood for a moment to observe its effect; there is to me a something highly pleasing, though mixed with feelings of awe, and solemn interest, in thus taking a view alone, and clandestinely as it were, of the House of Prayer and the abode of death. The monuments with their emblems of mortality dimly seen;--The altar, like the mysteries of Religion obscurely visible.—The neat pews showing a place of worship for the living;—and the lettered floor, pointing out the narrow resting places of the dead are objects which seen alone, and by the last beams of the departing day, are calculated to fill the mind with those sensations of solemn serenity and tranquil sadness, often so pleasing to the contemplative imagination. My fancy thus occupied I turned round to observe the field of Graves. In a distant part of the enclosure stood a female bending over one of the "grassy hillocks" and apparently employed in adorning it with flowers. Her wild picturesque attire, consisting of the Hat worn by her country women, and scarlet Welsh mantle, her dark flowing locks, agitated countenance, and wild gestures, presented a picture of moving interest to a fancy already prepared for romantic imaginings. This then, said I, is Ella the extraordinary maniac who in the desolation of insanity and the wreck of mind, still preserves so tender a regard for the memory of a former unfortunate friend, that her only remaining pleasure seems to be frequently to adorn her grave with flowers. From time to time she sang snatches of a plaintive and melancholy air, and the following song is a translation of her tones and gestures though certainly not of her words.

God rest thee, poor maid, here silently sleeping,
 To shade thy cold bed the hawthorn has grown,
 And o'er thy green grave the violet is creeping,
 And sweetly beside thee the wild rose has blown.
 On the breeze of the night the bland fairy comes riding
 And tells thy sad tale while the pale moon is gliding
 Through her thin filmy clouds—and o'er thee softly sings,
 Aye—and weeps as she floats on her gossamer wings.

And I o'er thy pillow would shed a soft tear,
 But no pearl drop of grief has poor Ella to spare;
 My own griefs were so fierce that they dried up the
 fountain,
 Yet I'll sing thy loved name to moorland and mountain,
 And o'er thy lone grave I vigil will keep,
 Though the eyelids of Ella've forgotten to weep.

While the moon views her face in yon tremulous wave
 I'm weaving a wreath to hang over thy grave,
 Oh! the fanciful love-chain here tenderly throws
 Her arms round the lily and blushing wild rose,
 But sad cypress twigs, with their sorrowful green,
 Are bending and twining the flow'rets between.
 When hung on the hawthorn the breeze of the night
 Will rifle their fragrance and wither their bloom,
 Yet the cypress will live and look green to the sight,
 Of thy garland of love maiden, such was the doom.
 For its *flowers* soon died, but the *woes* it had made
 Had deep root in thy heart and they never could fade,
 So thy lone heart was broken—the stern world did blame,
 Yet death hid in his bosom thy blushes of shame;
 Thy cheek grew so pale and thy heart was so torn,
 Like to Summer's last rose left to Autumn's first storm,
 That he rock'd thee to rest in his conquering arm.

A MINUTE'S THOUGHT

*Written in a lonely spot on the banks of the Torridge,
often visited in youth.*

Years, with their rolling weight of care,
Their records on my mind have press'd,
Since lonely last I wandered here
To watch the twilight in the west.
I wandered here a reckless boy,
And gaily sang my song of joy.

Years, with a rapid flight, have flown,
Since on this pebbly bank I stood,
And saw the soft majestic moon
Look down into the silent flood.
Then artless hope, as false as kind,
Shed a bright moon-light through my mind.

/

Years, with a rapid flight, will fly,
And hope with care will still contend,
'Till death will gently close my eye,
And the dark scene in darkness end.
Then would I sweetly slumber here,
The sport no more of hope or care.

THE HAWK.

Bird of the blighted moor,
 Child of the sullen storm,
 When the bitter north winds roar,
 And dark clouds day deform,
 Thou'rt on the wing and sailing,
 Stern savage of the air,
 And proudly thou art hailing
 'The rude blast, void of fear.

Bold brigand—robber bird,
 Thou'rt poised upon the breeze,
 Where the north wind's wail is heard,
 And the feath'ry vapours freeze.
 Those freezing clouds thy dwelling ;
 No lov'd mate's downy breast,
 Like the ring dove's gently swelling,
 Lures thee to love and rest.

I hold my hand to thee,
 Bold outlaw of the waste,
 Each cowering timid enemy
 Has fled from thee in haste.
 Unfettered is thy pinion—
 Unclipp'd thy fearless wing—
 That dark sky's thy dominion,
 Thou art the desert's king.

I would not live a loveless life,
 All fear'd, unlov'd to be ;
 Yet dweller in the tempest cloud,
 I hold my hand to thee.
 While on the keen blast hovering,
 Thou'rt proudly, bravely free,
 I've brotherhood with every thing—
 That is my link to thee.

TO JULIE.

When twilight's beams are fleeting
 With silent haste away,
 And night and day are meeting
 Out o'er the western sea :
 And when the sun's departed,
 Should I with weak regret,
 Grieve that he ever rose to me,
 Because he now hath set ?

And when the rose is dying
 Which grac'd our wild-wood bower,
 And Autumn winds are flying
 Around the trembling flower,
 When ruthless blasts have stolen
 Its fragrant breath away,
 Shall I regret that once it bloom'd
 And liv'd its summer's day ?

From thee when I was parted,
 My day of joy was fled,
 My sun of bliss departed,
 My rose of pleasure dead !
 The sunny hour has vanished,
 Its flight shall I deplore ?
 'Tis bliss to think thou once wert mine,
 Though thou art mine no more.

TO JULIE.

When the pearl-diver's out on the restless sea
 Sings he not to the tempest with reckless glee,
 On the deep, though the storm may have found him ?
 He has captured his prize while slumbered the waves ;
 He has won his bright pearl from the ocean caves :
 And he laughs at the hurley around him.

When the hunter is caught on the breezy hill,
 By the storm at night which at morn lay still,
 As his cot on the waste he is seeking,
 Ho, he mingleth his song with the night wind's moan,
 For his chase is complete, and the game is his own,
 Nor heeds he the storm darkly breaking.

It was thus in the days of our joyous youth,
 When thy eye spoke of love, and thy voice of truth,
 And I loved thee so well and sincerely ;
 O the first young kiss from thy lip which fell,
 Was mine — and it told me how truly and well
 That love was returned, and how dearly.

Now a stormy sea—a wild wilderness—
 Is the world to me whom thy love cannot bless,
 I must take it what fortune has made it.
 But the first fond kiss which thy young lip gave,
 Was never meant for a recreant slave,
 And I've sworn I will never degrade it.

TO JULIE.

In answer to "I thought you had forgotten."

O SPEAK not of forgetting,
 Nor *think* I can forget;
 One rosy ray of evening
 Lives when the sun has set.
 And like that dying sun-beam,
 Fading in haste away,
 That ling'ring fond remembrance
 Is all I have of day.

Our joys were all united—
 All link'd our sorrows were;
 Like two young doves from one sweet home,
 Launch'd on the vernal air.
 The storm in silence gather'd
 Around our heedless joy;
 It burst—our hearts were wither'd—
 Nought could my love destroy.

For 'twas my spirit's fondness,
 And not an earthly dream ;
 It dreamt of thee as angel like,
 And angel like became.
 And if the dead remember
 Ought of their earthly lot—
 A lonely, lingering love like mine
 Can *never* be forgot.

The cold, stern world may part us—
 Between us roll the main ;
 When souls like ours have mingled,
 They never part again.
 In agony we sever'd—
 In fondness, as we met—
 Thou hast indeed forgotten love,
 To *think I could forget!*

THE GRAVE OF AGNES.

She was not of this Earth.

It boots not where we make her grave,
 She was not of this earth,
 Yet let the wild-rose round her wave,
 And let the violet blossom have
 Near her green bed its birth.

But let no sadness mark the spot,
 She *was* not of this earth,
 To heaven return'd—though not forgot
 Though dearly lov'd—we mourn her not,
 Death was her second birth.

Well—drop one mortal tear of grief—
 She was not of this earth,
 To our swollen hearts 'twill give relief,
 But let the mortal pang be brief—
 And hail her heavenly birth.

Dark is our world—no home of hers,
 She was not of this earth,
 Heaven's purest, brightest worshippers
 Hear her sweet accents blend with theirs,
 To praise that second birth.

Then lay her low in hallow'd ground,
 All that of her was earth,
 Hush'd in her dreamless rest so sound,
 So soft, so infant like, profound,
 Death was her second birth.

And there the sky-lark hovering
 O'er what of her was earth,
 To day's young beam his hymn shall sing
 When dawn's first dew-drop wets his wing
 In unrestrained mirth.

Yes—let the gentle violet have
 Near her cold bed its birth,
 And let the wild-rose o'er her wave ;
 Yet—boots it not how made her grave,
 She was not of this earth.

THE BURIAL OF JULIAN,

A DIRGE.

The meek soul has departed,
 He is our kin no more ;
 He has passed the gulf we soon shall pass—
 To the dim and distant shore.

Strew flowers of sweet remembrance,
 Upon his early bier ;
 Born from the weakness of the heart,
 We drop on them a tear.

Calm in his death-sleep resting,
 Still is his lifeless breast,
 Come—say your last farewell to him,
 And leave him to his rest.

Sorrowing, not hopelessly,
 We yield to him who gave ;—
 With thanks, we lay our blooming boy
 Unsullied, in the grave.

To him, with whom reposes
 Each spirit of the just,
 Commit we now the deathless soul—
 Commit the dust to dust.

With funeral note and chanted hymn,
 Our brother lay to rest;
 A brief prayer trembling on each lip—
 Strew earth upon his breast.

And earth her son embraces,
 And heaven has claimed its own;
 Now raise the song of brighter lays,
 Our mournful task is done.

We wept to see him live in pain,
 We wept to see him die;
 But now we raise the song of praise,
 Rejoicing in his joy.

ODE.

The fairest land, the burning sun
 In his broad circuit looks upon;
 The purest skies, the brightest seas,
 E'er ruffled by the summer breeze:
 What are they to the fettered slave?
 To him his land's a living grave.

In vain for him, the joyous spring
 Sends the young eaglet wandering,
 Or tempts the soaring dove on high
 To cleave with sportive wing the sky,
 O'er *him* still hangs the tyrant's brand,
 Still shuckles gall his palsied hand.

Is there a man of British name,
 His brethren's scorn, his country's shame,
 Who lives bereft of liberty,
 Yet could by daring it, be free?
 Holds the fair isle which rules the wave,
 That monstrous thing *a willing slave*?

Believe it not. The spell bound mind,
 Howe'er to ignorance resigned,
 Has yet a longing to be free,
 A lingering spark of liberty,
 Though beaten down, though trampled on,
 While throbs the heart 'tis never gone.

TO A FLY

*On a bleak day, the first time a fire was lighted in
 my room for the winter.*

Go, get thee gone ! tis not the summer coming,
 But my first fire, the winter's harbinger,
 Which from thy crevice warm has sent thee roaming
 On the chill air thy little wing to stir.

Yet stay, I should be loath to see thee wander
 Forth to the gale, to face the surly blast,
 Around my chair in playful flight meander,
 But seek thy winter home again at last—
 Yet I dislike thy race,—nor them alone,
 But buzzing impudence among my own.

Still be my winter guest, till spring returning,
 Shall bring the balmy Zephyrs back again ;
 Then spread thy pinion to the first fair morning
 And humming wander o'er the flowery plain.
 Here fold thy fragile wing, and fix thy hermitage
 Where the bright blaze my cheerful cottage warms,
 Till the keen “biting north” has spent its rage,
 Lone, homeless pilgrim in a world of storms,
 I pity him who could not pity thee,
 I scorn the man who'd crush thee wantonly.

ODE.

To fill with joy the present day,
 Is wisdom's surest task below,
 What is become of yesterday ?
 What of to-morrow, dost thou know ?
 Shall cares unborn oppress thee,
 Shall woes unknown distress thee,
 Shall aught in life depress thee,
 If to-day will give thee joy ?

The past is past—'tis gone, forgot,
 The future will come as it will,
 Would'st thou improve thy earthly lot?
 The passing hour with gladness fill.
 Joys wouldest thou leave untasted,
 By dark forbodings blasted,
 Till jovial hours are wasted,
 Which to-day would give thee joy ?

If *happier* days we're doomed to know,
 Why should we shun the joys of these ?
 If future life is future *moe*,
 'Tis wiser still to-day to seize.
 Life's tide is onward heaving,
 Fate's mingled thread is weaving,
 Yet why should we sit grieving,
 If to-day will give us joy ?

ADDRESS

*Of an American Indian separated from his Tribe,
 to the Chiefs of his Nation.*

Though the broad ocean billow is flowing,
 Between the green turfs which we tread ;
 Though above me the summer is glowing,
 While around you the winter is spread.
 Yet my spirit's at home and with you, chiefs,
 Where our fathers were lords of the plain ;
 To the tribe, to the tribe, I'll be true, chiefs,
 Though I ne'er hear its war-shout again.

Did the tribe of the Beaver surround us,
 With the guile of Oneada's foes ?
 Did I wake when the night was around us ?
 Did I mark when in wrath they arose ?
 If the pride of their warriors I slew, chiefs,
 If their valiant were strew'd on the plain ;
 To the tribe which I saved, I'll be true, chiefs,
 Though I ne'er fight its battles again.

Bold words at the council-fire spoken,
 Or breath'd in the wigwams of peace,
 In the face of the foe were they broken ?
 Can truth to be truth ever cease ?
 Speak of me when the chase you renew, chiefs,
 Breathe my name in your shout o'er the slain ;
 To my tribe, to my tribe, I am true, chiefs,
 Though I ne'er shall hunt with you again.

THE DEATH OF ROSALINE.

They knew not she was dying,
 For yet she seem'd to smile,
 While the flatterer was trying
 Her sadness to beguile.
 That smile so full of sadness
 But hid her cureless pain,
 It flitted like a sun beam—
 And she ne'er smiled again.

False words were gaily spoken,
 Beside the festive board,
 Of sweet vows lightly broken,
 Of fading joys restored.
 Life's hopes should still be cherished,
 Though sorrow break their chain—
 Her one fond hope had perished.
 She could never hope again.

They knew not she was dying,
 For the bloom upon her cheek
 Now comes—and now seems flying,
 As words of love they speak.
 But none the while desponded,
 And the minstrel raised his strain—
 She with one faint sigh responded,
 And never breathed again.

FIRST LOVE.

I prized the virgin smile,
 Her dimpled cheek adorning,
 My heart it charm'd awhile,
 'Twas like the smile of morning.
 As to the lip of youth,
 Young love his first kiss giving,
 It seem'd to speak of truth,
 How blest was I, believing !

'Twas like the angel form
 The pilgrim's dream discloses,
 Who sheltering from the storm,
 In Hermit's cell reposes—
 Awhile, the vision bright,
 His fancy tranc'd engages,
 He wakes—ah ! still 'tis night,
 And still the tempest rages !

Thus on my captive soul
 The thrilling joy descended,
 It fled—'twas darkness all,
 Darkness with tempest blended.
 My youthful mind was void,
 No passion dared to nourish,
 It came—it went—destroyed !
 The heart 'twas meant to cherish.

THE SKYLARK.

I, like the little mounting lark
 Would sing from dawning day to dark ;
 When first Aurora faintly gleams,
 And flings around her rosy beams,
 Sailing the dusky clouds among
 She greets her with a mattin song.

And through the fiercest heat of day,
 She sings beneath the burning ray,
 And when she sips the evening dew,
 And bids the setting sun adieu,
 A song still swells her speckled breast—
 She chants the dying' day to rest.

When spring's first modest flow'ret's head
 Comes peeping through her grassy bed,
 Her shrill, yet sweet, and constant song
 Is heard the merry woods among,
 Singing she greets the balmy sky,
 And meets the vernal breeze on high.

And when the stubble field's laid bare,
 And autumn winds the woodlands sere,
 Then hov'ring low on wav'ring wings,
 A plaintive strain she faintly sings,
 In notes more sad, but still as clear—
 The requiem of the fading year.

THE LAST WORDS OF ADOLPHE',

A Youthful Poet.

I am dying—I am dying—
 With youth's bloom upon my cheek,
 And my spirit is departing,
 Its unknown home to seek.

The summer's early blossoms,
 Are scarcely yet in bloom ;
 They are *budding* as I perish,
 They will *blossom* on my tomb.
 And the spring-breeze sighing softly
 O'er the scarcely ruffled sea,
 Breathes a note of solemn sadness—
 'Tis a requiem sweet for me.
 And see ! a ruddy sun-ray
 From the west now takes its flight—
 Ere 'tis melted into darkness
 My eyes will close in night.

I am dying—I am dying—
 For there rushes on my brain
 A vision of the viewless,
 Which the flesh cannot sustain.
 My dust the earth is claiming,
 Th'unearthly cannot die,
 But searching for the yet unknown,
 To other worlds 'twill fly,
 Into the flood of Being,
 Which was—is—and will be,
 'Twill pass as does the dew-drop
 Into the mighty sea.
 That dew-drop was a vagrant
 O'er sea, and hill, and plain,
 Long wandering on the zephyr's wing—
 But found its *home* again.

I am dying—I am dying—
 Though my heart's first love is young,
 And still its thrilling sweetness
 In my soul is fresh and strong.
 Let all our friendly neighbours
 Stand by and breathe a prayer,
 When my dust to dust is given—
 But, let no one shed a tear.
 Yet when there comes a maiden
 Across the sunny wave,
 With sadness in her sweet blue eye,
 To weep beside my grave—
 O gather kindly round her,
 For her let tears be shed—
 And soothe the troubled spirit
 That is mourning for the dead.

I am dying—I am dying—
 For the peace of death is shed
 O'er my trembling anxious being,
 And my earthly cares are fled ;
 But if one lonely fondness,
 Though 'twas an earth-born joy,
 Should linger in the bosom
 Of a dying minstrel boy—
 O frown not sadly on it—
 O blame not earth-born love,
 For Angel harps are tuning,
 To welcome it above.

Farewell ye friendly strangers—
 Farewell to her most dear,
 For the dust has ceas'd to suffer—
 Farewell to earth and care.

ADIEU.

Adieu—for my heart must forget thee ;
 Fare thee well—I must love thee no more ;
 Yet in life can I cease to regret thee,
 My peace can cold absence restore ?
 No—my soul was a waste till I saw thee ;
 Thy presence to cheer it was given—
 My heart was a blank till I knew thee,
 Thy love had once fill'd it with heaven.

Thy words could once rouse me to fury,
 Thy sweet voice could calm me again ;
 There was pain in the passion I bore thee,
 Yet I die when deprived of the pain.
 When I pluck from thy breast that sweet madness,
 From my heart its life's hope I shall tear ;
 Thus torn, it will bleed on in sadness
 For a while, and then break in despair.

TRUST ME, SUCH IS LOVE.

When in reply thy own harp speaks,
 To the soft touch thy fingers give,
 The thrilling note that touch awakes,
 Will ever in my memory live—
 Remembrance lives, the sweet note dies,
 And love's brief rapture would you prove,
 Like that 'tis sweet, and quickly flies—
 Yes trust me dearest, such is love !
 Ah, trust me, such is love !

You pressed the rose with tenderness.
 And tried its gathered dew to sip,
 It died—beneath the sweetest kiss
 That ever fell from maiden's lip,
 Its fading blush, its withering bloom,
 In vain to save you fondly strove,
 That soft kiss sealed its early doom,
 And trust me dearest such is love ;
 Ah, trust me such is love !

Yet moments marked by no delight,
 Or those by cankering sorrow crossed,
 Return not back, though swift their flight,
 And these, my love are *really lost*,
 Then strike the harp—then pluck the rose,
 Delay not love's brief joy to prove,
 Seize the bright bliss so soon to close,
 For trust me dearest such is love ;
 Ah, trust me such is love.

THE LILY,

Seen fading among the decorations of a Ball-room.

Thou fairest of earth's daughters,
 Born in the twilight glade,
 Where the gently murmuring waters
 Make music through the shade ;
 Where the brown bee gently humming,
 Did often stoop to sip,
 (Like a lover fondly coming)
 Of the honey on thy lip.

The night breeze warn'd him gently
 To seek his home's repose ;
 The night bird's song then, faintly,
 Around thy bow'r arose.

Here thou'rt dying—dying,
 In the hour of joy and mirth—
 To me thou still seem'st sighing
 For the valley of thy birth.

I will take thee to yon maiden,
 Thou shalt die upon her breast,
 Who, till to night, was hidden
 In a green vale of the west.
 She should gaze upon thee dying—
 She should weep o'er thee when dead—
 From *her* rural *home* she's flying,
 And her sweetest hours are fled.

THE EMIGRANT.

Supposed to be spoken in the wilds of Canada, on the anniversary of the Revel or Village Festival at Sheepwash.

While through these trackless wastes I'm straying
 Lost in a train of bitter thought—
 Scenes of my lost days round me playing,
 To my lorn mind are freshly brought
 The silvery 'Torridge softly flowing
 Where the greenest pastures spread,
 In fancy sets me glowing—glowing,
 Though its banks no more I tread.

When as the dreamy mood comes o'er me,
 As I roam the desert still,
 Our village seems to rise before me,
 Smiling on its breezy hill.
 Though treading fields of red men's planting,
 Though parted by the roaring sea—
 My lonely heart is panting—panting,
 To join its rustic revelry.

Our revel-day—how sweet, how shining!—
 Sad is my soul—no tongue can tell
 How my lone exiled heart is pining
 To join that rural festival.

The laughing ring—the friendly meeting ;
 The jocund dance—the joyous train,
 Where parted friends are greeting—greeting,
 I must never see again.

Still there the little rose tree's growing,
 Which mother planted near our door—
 But under strangers' hands tis blowing—
 I shall see it bloom no more.
 Rose of my home—the vital feeling
 In my lone heart how sad its doom ; .
 Torn from its bed—tis quailing—quailing,
 Dying, never to re-bloom.

Strangers must raise my sire's last pillow ;
 Strangers must bear him to his grave ;
 Homeless since I have cross'd the billow
 And plough'd the broad Atlantic wave.
 How sinks my soul to think that older
 His sun fast dwindle to the west,
 And his bones must moulder—moulder,
 Laid by no kindred hand to rest.

Dark is the policy which severs
 Hearts from hearts and lands they love ;
 With ruthless hand our home's joy withers
 More ruthless still, then bids us rove.

Fondly to my home returning,
 My soul's affections still will flee ;
 And my heart is burning—burning,
 To see that home and see it free.

Isle of green hills and fertile valleys,
 May thy remaining sons be true ;
 While, round the just, each yeoman rallies,
 Thy faded prospects to renew.
 Banished, forlorn, though I bewail thee,
 Still across the restless wave,
 From afar, I hail thee—hail thee,
 Land of my fathers and the brave.

THE DEVONSHIRE YEOMAN'S SONG OF LIBERTY.

Peace to our native British isle !
 The arts of peace though *we* pursue
 Our father's conquered at the Nile,
 Our brethren bled at Waterloo.
 The tempted Lion none should trust ;
 There's magic in our sire's renown ;
 With willing hand we serve the just,
 As willing set the oppressor down.
 Our British rights in peace we'd have,
 But not the peace that lulls the slave.

I've knelt beside my father's grave,
 (I dared not kneel a bondman there,)
 I've vow'd the vow which binds the brave,
 My children shall my freedom share.
 And when they lie me by his side,
 Shall any say who speak of me,
 "A slave who lived—dishonor'd died,
 Here rests beside the valiant free?"
 A country free—a spotless name,
 Our fathers gave—our children claim.

Fill to the brim the mighty bowl,
 And as we quaff the pledge shall be,
 Round let it pass from soul to soul,
 "Devonia's sons, though faithful free."
 For, by the blood our fathers' spilt,
 The righteous laws shall be our care,
 Yet by the shrines our fathers built,
 No plundered slave shall worship there.
 Fill high the bowl the pledge shall be,
 Devonia's sons, though faithful, free.

Fair liberty! they greatly wrong
 Devonia's sons, who think her fled,
 Why? 'tis the name our mothers sung
 To sooth us on our infant bed.

Our fathers led us to the field,
 Where 'tis our birthright to be free,
 Their sacred gift we ne'er will yield,
 Our birthright be our legacy,
 Fill high the bowl, the pledge must be,
 Devonia's sons, though faithful, free.

MAID OF CAMBRIA.

Maid of Cambria do not blame
 The look of love thou see'st in me ;
 Nor turn away thine eyes of flame,
 As if I err'd to look on thee.
 If such were error, then could I,
 Still gazing on thy beaming eye,
 In error live—in error die.

Cambrian maiden, smooth thy brow—
 The love my heart to thee would give
 Is such as Angels do bestow :
 An Angel blameless might receive
 True as the faith, the Cimbri plight,
 Firm as the vow they never slight,
 And worthy loveliness so bright.

To-day old ocean's sullen roar
 Bore me to the Cambrian shore ;
 To-morrow will the morning ray
 Call me from these shores away.
 Why should it pain thee then to see,
 When thy bright eye is turned on me,
 I wish I'd worlds to offer thee.

THE ICELANDER'S SONG OF HOME.*

I've heard the stranger lightly speak
 Of thee my native land ;
 A gloom, he said, o'er-cast thy sky,
 Rough billows beat thy strand—
 But his was like the peterel's flight,
 Across the stormy sea,
 He breath'd but *once* thy mountain breeze,
 And then was far away.
 Oh ! had he lingered on thy strand,
 He *must* have loved thee—native land.

My native land—upon thy hills,
 There rest eternal snows ;
 A crest of foam is on each surge,
 On thy bleak shore which flows.
 There may be fairer lands I own,
 There may be calmer seas ;
 There may be fields where flowers fade not,
 Where fragrance loads the breeze.
 But all who linger on thy strand,
 Must surely *love* thee—native land.

*The Song was suggested by the following remark which occurred in the letter of an old friend and correspondent.

"I thought I should have died with laughing when at Kirkwall ;
 "an Icelander, to whom I owned that I had been at the foot of
 "Hecla once, often told me that had I made up my mind to live in
 "his country he was sure I should have loved it.

CASE OF

THE PRISONER GALLEY.

MR. JONATHAN MAY, a respectable Yeoman, who formerly resided near Moreton-Hampstead, having been robbed and cruelly murdered, on his return home from a Fair held in that Town, on the 20th July 1835.—A man was taken into custody, charged with the offence, named THOMAS OLIVER, better known among his companions by the soubriquet of "BUCKINGHAM JOE,"—He was committed for trial, chiefly on the testimony of a Woman, (who, like Oliver was a stranger to the neighbourhood,) and who represented herself to have been an eye-witness of the outrage. She asserted that a man known among his party by the ominous name of TURPIN, was also concerned in the offence.

A person of suspicious character distinguished among his associates by the fatal soubriquet of Turpin, but whose real name was GALLEY, was found in a distant part of the kingdom, and having been brought to Exeter was pretendedly identified by the woman before named, and committed for trial.—The men having been confronted, declared that they had had no previous knowledge of each other whatever; Galley declaring that he had never been in Devonshire before, and Oliver vehemently asserting that neither in Devonshire nor any other place had he ever seen his fellow prisoner, before he met him in jail;—Little importance however, was attached to these assertions, made by such parties under such circumstances.

On the trial, the testimony of the woman, before mentioned, having been slightly corroborated by some other (which must have been very heedlessly given) the fact of Galley's identity was supposed to have been established beyond all doubt, *and the both were condemned*.—Immediately, (in court, and before his removal from the bar) Oliver made an open acknowledgement of his own guilt, and, addressing the Judge, declared that he was thus prompt in making his confession, *to save the other man* who was innocent. This noble burst of generous feeling from one whose character, conduct, and situation, were such that it could not be expected from him, produced an effect, on those who witnessed it, that may be-

imagined, but can never be described.—Thus far the criminal went and no further ; with a dogged obstinacy, which he evidently regarded as a chivalrous principle of honor, he refused to say ought that could lead to the discovery of his real accomplice, or accomplices.—This inconsistency which betrayed no desire to be reconciled to society, nor respect for its laws, cast a suspicion on all he said. Galley was therefore left to his awful fate.

A gentleman reported to have been a Barrister, but whose name never reached me in the distant part of the county in which I then resided, by conferences with the prisoners and other means, became so convinced of Galley's innocence, that, with the most disinterested generosity, he devoted considerable time to the inquiry, and travelled many miles to ascertain the real facts of the case.—He saved the man's life ! had it not been for these generous exertions in his behalf, the unfortunate, friendless fellow, would have perished, though innocent of the crime alleged to him. This conduct on the part of the unknown gentleman, I deemed at the time, deserving of the tribute here recorded ; I deem it so still.—When these lines appeared, the facts had been recently before the public, and they attracted more attention than, perhaps, they deserved ; Reprints of them were taken, and many years after, when I had almost forgotten their existence, I saw copies of them, mutilated and bronzed with smoke, stuck up among maps and pictures, and tales of wonder, against the walls of many Cottages in my rambles ; this I considered a gratifying proof that the humble inmates had fully participated in the feeling with which the "tribute" had been offered. For these reasons rather than for any other value that is attached to them, I have ever since felt pleasure in recalling these lines to mind.

A TRIBUTE

of sincere respect offered to the Gentleman whose generous exertions in favour of the unfortunate prisoner Galley, saved his life.

There dwells for him a brightness in the shades,
 A soft still whisper, in the silent woods,
 A charm to sooth his loneliest, dreariest hour,
 Peopling with mild delight his solitude,
 And cheering midnight with a beam of joy.

There dwells for him among the flowery paths
 Where pleasure spreads her blandishment, and wealth
 Her splendour lavishes—*a secret thought*
 Of power to lift the heart to happiness,
 And fill its inmost chambers with a ray
 Of silent, sacred bliss—surpassing all
 That luxury can own, or pride devise.

There is prepared for him a healing balm
 When stern misfortune hovers o'er his path,
 And grim adversity shall try the faith
 Of seeming friendships: or the altered look
 Of some loved false one, shall have power to sting
 With more than viper's venom that lone heart
 Through which her glance sent rapture—then will come
 The proud and happy consciousness that he
 Once look'd upon the *friendless*, and he lived:
 Upon the desolate—his heart revived.

The lost one stood before assembled crowds;
 The wretched consciousness of mis-spent days
 In characters of guilt stamp'd on his brow;
 His sunken eye glared hopelessly around,
 In helpless imbecility and dread,
 Like the bay'd Leopard's when the bloodhounds close.
 On him the crowd as on a captive wolf,

With thoughts of smother'd vengeance sternly gazed—
And, "death without a word" was their decree.*

E'en doubt could scarce exist; and O the deed,
Of which he stood accused, in dark
And dreadful notoriety, with blood
Had been enrolled in horror's blackest page—
And mercy's self, wiping her tearful eye,
From him and from his misery had turn'd,
Yet he was guiltless! but his innocence
Lay darkly hid in doubt and mystery.

But there was one—and only one who *seem'd*
Compassion for his innocence to feel.
And who was he? The real murderer!
A youth of manly front and fearless heart,
Whose soul was steep'd in crime, his hands in blood,
Touch'd with some latent nobleness of mind,
Which vice had hidden long, but had not kill'd,
He scorn'd to drag the feeble thing to death
Bound in the chords of *his* sole guilt. He flung
Or would have flung, the worthless victim back;
Though he had look'd on blood without remorse
And crush'd his manly victim in the strife.

*When the Abbe Seizes voted the death of the unfortunate Louis 16th, he did so in these remarkable words, "La mort sans phrase." Such was the exclamation of popular fury and prejudice in the case of the unfortunate Galley, which I own circumstances seemed in some measure to justify.

With cool judicial murder he disdained
 To stain his hand, or load his blackened soul,*
 The pale and trembling slaves of paltry gain,
 Train'd, like bloodhounds, to the wretched chase,
 Might lay that worst of murders on their souls.
 The robber scorn'd it—he—the man of blood
 Whose heart was adamant, whose conscience steel
 Look'd on its cold deliberate cruelty
 With bold disgust, with fearless stern contempt.

His lips were obstinately sealed to save
 The real partner of his own deep guilt.
 No weak remorse, hung o'er his fearless heart,
 No sense of right had pierced the moral gloom
 Which false associations flung around
 His daring spirit. Man might claim his right,
 (The blood of him who blood of man had shed)
 But all they claim'd from him should be his own
 And not another's. Innocence should live
 And guilt should find its own dark way to death,
 E'en then soft pity gleam'd around his heart,
 Like lightning round the doubly hardened steel—
Gave his first virtue birth, and in its light
 He pass'd from earth to meet his final doom.

*The hateful character of his offence cannot be denied nor doubted, and yet there was a nobleness in the ruffian's disinterested defence of his innocent fellow prisoner, which was awfully contrasted with the conduct of the witnesses who so heedlessly swore away the man's life

Each coming moment brought a fainter hope
 To him of hopeless, helpless innocence.
 His heart had ceased to trouble with despair—
 When one there came, the minister of good,
 Disdaining selfish feelings, one whose mind
 With penetrating glance, had searched
 The depth of that dark mystery ; and found,
 E'en in the captives dungeon, one faint ray
 To guide him to the truth. *He* led him back
 With more then conqueror's triumph to the day—
 To life—to hope—perhaps to peace and joy—
 A pardoned, rescued, and forgiven man.*

Hail to the nobly good—my rustic lyre
 Thus casts a tribute, humbly, at his feet.

ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

Blind wench ! thou'rt shy, but right or wrong
 I'll greet thee with a hearty song ;
 If e'er thy smile I should enjoy,
 In fun and frolic, I'll employ
 The vagrant hours of hasty flight,
 And dip their wings in rich delight—
 And mirth and song where'er I stray,
 Shall be companions of my way.

*Forgiven—this was at the time understood to be the case ; but, for reasons, which I am not aware the public are in possession of, Galley is still in confinement as a criminal, [1842.]

Thou'rt fickle called, but yet thy frown
 Has constantly to me been shown ;
 Tis still thy will, with spiteful ire,
 To shroud in night my rustic lyre—
 Its simple strain, the little great,
 With silent scorn may ever treat—
 Yet mirth and song where'er I stray,
 Shall be companions of my way.

I lay me on the desert shore,
 Pleased with the breakers' sullen roar,
 Or, raptured, climb the giddy steep
 Which overhangs the stormy deep ;
 And mark the vivid lightning's flight,
 Careering round the brow of night ;
 Yet mirth and song where'er I stray
 Are still companions of my way.

I seek the peaceful woodland bower,
 And smile or sigh o'er every flower ;
 I watch the wild dove wandering,
 Through the blue sky, on sportive wing ;
 Lull'd by thy music, murmuring Dart,
 I sing the o'er flowings of my heart—
 And mirth and song where'er I stray,
 Are still companions of my way.

Like that fond harp which makes reply,
 To playful Zephyr's gentlest sigh ;

As every wanton breeze of thought
 O'er my pleas'd mind is lightly brought,
 A thrilling joy; an impulse strong,
 Still stirs my lips with careless song—
 And mirth and song where'er I stray,
 Are still companions of my way.

Delights like these thou canst not foil,
 Tis not for thee nor thine I toil;
 Thy abject slaves may think me raving,
 Old girl—thy gifts are not worth having,
 If bought but by one particle,
 Of feeling or of principle—
 So mirth and song where'er I stray,
 Shall be companions of my way.

THE CHOSEN ONE.

A candidate came to the west country,
 That land of the bold independent and free,
 And he stop'd at a borough town,
 He'd a twist in his nose, and a squint in each eye,
 On his back stood a hump, and his neck stood awry,
 And his gait was the gait of a clown.

As he pass'd through the streets with a lop and a stride
 The dogs they all bark'd, and the children all cried,
 And the women beginning to snivel,
 Declared this queer lump was certainly sent
 As a sample to earth that he might represent,
 The angels and imps of the devil.

He made not a speech, but he drew out a purse,
 And signed them to take it for better for worse,
 The electors electrified stood,
 And cried with delight, "now tis plain he's a trump
 "Why snarl at a squint or find fault with a hump,
 "When you see his intentions are good"

"Let the bells be all rung, proclamation be made,
 "The drums be all beaten, the fiddles all played,"
 The voters all sung in a breath,
 May the pride of the earth in his beauty and might
 Still continue our eyes and our ears to delight,
 And we will be thankful to death.

THE RETURN OF THE ROVER'S BARK.

A BALLAD.

Chorus—Hail to the bark ! the Rover's bonny bark,
 Which comes from the far south sea ;
 She unfolds to the gale her broad white sail,
 And wins her the victory.

She has mounted the ridge of the troubled wave,
 She has played with his hostile foam,
 Like a dolphin arous'd from his ocean cave,
 Where the storm beaten Peterels roam.
 O fond hearts bled when her sail was spread,
 And the manly were stricken with fear ;
 For she went to the isle of the shadowy dead,
 And death is sole monarch there.

Hail to the bark, &c.

The anchor arose with a solemn moan,
 'Twas his last farewell to the shore,
 And the outward-bound felt dark and alone,
 For their homes they might see them no more.
 A sea-boy fell on his mother's breast,
 Though he was a sea-boy brave,
 As the eaglet might turn to his parent's nest,
 When he first hears the tempest rave.

Hail to the bark, &c.

They had whisper'd tales of the spectre isles,
 Those shadowy lands of fear—
 He turn'd his young face to its *first* resting place,
 To shed there a sacred tear.
 But who shall describe what the mother felt,
 As she thought of the distant dead—
 And as blessing her child, on the wet deck she knelt,
 And gave him to danger and dread.

Hail to the bark, &c.

Now there stands at the helm a stalwart tar,
 And their guide is the force of his arm—
 He has battled with whirlwinds and dangers afar,
 And smil'd in the midst of alarm.
 But the mother has clung to the breast of her boy,
 And the hero again has grown weak ;
 For the manly are weeping to witness their joy,
 And they shout with a tear on their cheek.

Hail to the bark, &c.

TO LOUISE.

Yes, I could look upon thee.
 With heart *too* full of love :
 Yet O, my eye must shun thee,
 My fancy from thee rove.
 My ear could drink with fondness
 The soft flow of thy song,
 Which falls in heedless sweetness
 From thy mirthful artless tongue.

As like a new found blossom
 Thee on my path I find,
 Or like a fairy vision
 To my benighted mind :
 Feelings long dead within me
 Their bright light would relume—
 'Tis like a beam of evening
 Upon the silent tomb.

Or like a gust of melody
 At midnight on the waste,
 Which cheers the pilgrims fainting steps
 By some spirit breathed in haste.
 The sweet delusion vanishes,
 I bid the dream depart,
 For O I *must* not offer thee
 A blighted broken heart.

SONG

They say the world is cold, love,
 Its fairest hours soon fly,
 Its sweetest flowers unfold love,
 A moment but to die ;
 They say the lover's bark, maid,
 Floats into falsehood's snare,
 And then the world is dark, maid,
 And fill'd with killing care ;
 But I've a heart for thee, love,
 And thou a heart for me, love,
 For the world Ah, ! what care we, love,
 Though cold and dark it be !

They say the wealthy fool, love,
 Is growing wealthier still ;
 They say ambition's tool, love,
 Still gains his sordid will ;
 They say 'tis man's delight, maid,
 To make a prey of man ;
 And falsehood black as night, maid,
 Rules all with magic wan ;
 Yet I've a heart for thee, love,
 And thou a heart for me, love,
 What for sordid slaves care we, love,
 Though proud and false they be.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
HYPOCRITE.

A Lady belonging to an itinerant theatrical company, (suspected of the damning sin of poverty) took on the sabbath day her Infant to a place of worship, to offer her thanks to Almighty God for her own safety, and to ask, according to the usages of our country, his blessing on her innocent and beautiful Child. In order to save himself however and his congregation, from the contamination of too charitable an intercourse with persons so unprofitable and unfortunate, in the course of the sermon, the Minister took occasion to denounce the theatrical profession, and cautioned his hearers against holding any intercourse with the unfortunate strangers, calling them pests, deluders of men, and enemies of Godliness. This heedless malediction was pronounced, while the young, fond Mother was yet bow'd down, over the face of her lovely Infant, in meek and humble worship before the Throne of her God. The husband, a man of unblemished reputation, who had no other means of honestly providing for his family, than by the exercise of a profession into which circumstances had forced him, determined, as a retaliation, to play the comedy of the Hypocrite. The manner in which he was supported, showed the appropriateness of this quiet, characteristic, and truly professional rebuke.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Canticell discovered, (centre) at some distance behind him, right and left, two children. One bearing the bowl and dagger, and appropriately habited for Tragedy. The other bearing the masks, pipe, and tabor, proper to Comedy. These emblems are so arranged as to appear like the children's play things. The whole Tableau is meant to convey the idea that, circumstances over which they had no controul, had made the man and his children dependent upon his profession.—A moral addressed to the eye.

SOLILOQUY.

Exposed!—unmask'd!—mark'd with deception's brand
 A hypocrite confess'd, to night I stand.

[Comes forward to the audience]

Nor should *you* deem it impious to reveal
 The dark deceits which pious frauds conceal,
 For *real goodness*, still respect we ask,
 'Tis false pretension, only, we unmask.

When Greece, when Rome, in each *enlighten'd age*
 Saw vice and folly tread the comic stage—
 They saw them brought to view in mimic strife,
 And man's worst failings pictured to the life—
 Then were their youth (when sage instruction fail'd)
 Laugh'd into wisdom, into virtue rail'd.
 When Terence wing'd with moral truth the joke—
 A Cato listen'd—or a Roscious spoke—
 Unblighted was thy smile, sweet liberty!
 The world was blest—and Rome, great Rome, was free,
 But mark the change, when greatness all had flown,
 The wild beast fill'd the theatre—a brute the throne.

'Tis plain the wise and good, of every age,
 Have *taught* or *learnt* the lessons of the stage;
 Virtue's true friend the comic muse has been,
 Where love of goodness fill'd each moving scene;
 Her youthful votaries, who came to play,
 Unconscious took the moral truth away,
 As from our mimic tale sound morals rise,
 Learn vice to hate and folly to despise.

What vice more hateful—of a deeper die—
 Folly more gross, than curst hypocrisy ?
 Where could the comic bard find fairer game ?
 What meaner vice hold up to public shame ?
 Or where with better aim the *mimic* art
 Convey each well wrote period to the heart ?

Patrons of worth—protectors of the stage—
 Who hear with scorn the furious bigot's rage,
 The slandered muse still holds her hand to you,
 When she is wrong'd—why you're insulted too.
 For me your servant, and her humble friend,
 Whate'er the lot the wayward fates intend,
 To meet with mild forgiving scorn their hate,
 And bad example not to imitate
 Will be my choice—aye—let them rage,
 We claim the noble morals of the stage.
 What Shakespeare penn'd we fearlessly repeat,
 And acting nature call we no deceit.
 What Milton fancied—old, alone and blind,
 Visions that floated in a Byron's mind,
 Emotions trembling round a Goldsmith's heart—
 We bring to life—and then to you impart !
 We teach by these (despite the Cantwell clan,)
 The morals of an honourable man.

*While pronouncing the last passage the children
 leave their play, slowly come forward, and assume
 the attitudes described in the verse.*

But there are other claims which must impart,
 A vigorous firmness to my trembling heart ;
 In helpless innocence my children see,
 One grasps my hand—one clings around my knee ;
 O who could wrong them—steal their Father's name,
 The honest means which feeds them, blight with shame,
 Pronounce them pests—unchristian, unforgiven—
 And say by doing this he's serving *Heaven* !

—But let that pass—one task I feel is due,
 The pleasing task I mean of thanking you,
 And thanks so due—Our thanks so kindly won
 Admit I feel of being briefly done,
 Expect not speeches stollen from player's books,
 Accept as thanks— my children's silent looks.

THE BERMUDAS FISHERMAN.*

Our Cedar bark's white woven wing
 We spread—adieu Bermudas' daughters ;
 On the white foam she's hovering,
 Like sea-bird on the restless waters.
 The Dolphin bright, with wild delight
 Our watery path is crossing,
 Like him we roam, the deep our home
 While on the wild wave tossing.

*The situation here imagined is that of the Bermudas' Fishermen, going out to the ^{the} hale fishery. They are obliged to cross the coral reefs, (some of which are ten miles from the Islands) before the close of evening. They make all their preparations in the bright moonlight, and choose as the most favourable time for attacking the Fish, the hour when the setting moon is aided by the first dawn of the morning.

But steady—Here the red rocks blush,
 And maddened waters round us rush ;
 Steady—The coral reef we're nearing,
 Steady—Now your course be steering ;
 Steady—While the breakers clearing.

At length we're launch'd on landless waves,
 And the whale is up from his coral caves ;
 Now lend thy light sweet lady moon,
 We'll wing with death the swift harpoon ;
 The Somers' Isles look dim to view,
 Like a resting cloud on the waters blue ;
 Our couch must be on the billow bright,
 Land of the changeless spring, good night,
 good night—

Land of the changeless spring—the *changeless* spring,
 good night—good night.

ENIGMA.

In time or eternity I have no place,
 I have neither beginning nor end ;
 In earth I'm unseen—I live not in space,
 Yet without me the world cannot stand.
 I live not in darkness—I live not in light,
 With the sun I have nothing to do ;
 I'm seen not in day time—I'm seen not in night,
 And yet I'm brought roundly to view.

I'm neither the first nor the last of my race,
 But first in obedience I stand ;
 And when I am wanted they all will give place ;
 I'm next to the first in command.
 I reside in the moon and all men descry—
 Here the sage and the simple agree,
 That once in a month, to a fanciful eye,
 He displays a bright likeness of me.
 I'm always attach'd to an Emperor's suit,
 And I sit in the midst of his throne ;
 Yet I always pertain to the mendicant's foot,
 And live in the heart of a stone.
 I'm confined with the convict though nought to his fear,
 I add much to his sorrow and gloom ;
 Near the end of his pardon I'm sure to appear,
 Though I twice may have voted his doom.
 I live in the lock though I touch not the key,
 I always am half of the door ;
 I've nothing to do with the carpet so gay,
 Though I form the chief part of the floor ;
 I never was in an enigma before,
 A rebus, a riddle, charade ;
 Yet clear, or obscure, or witty, or poor,
 Without me no riddles are made.

On the week following the appearance of the foregoing Enigma in the Western Times, the annexed reply appeared, signed "T."

You say you are round, and have not an end,
 In eternity not e'en a trace ;
 But proudly with Emperors always you wend,
 And find with all poets a place !—
 Alas ! all your clamour is childish and strange,
 When we know you'll be here by to-morrow,
 With conduct most vile, as in person you range,
 With the very worst portion of sorrow !
 You live not in earth, and you live not in heaven,
 But with demons take up your abode ;
 In the regions below your appearance is given,
 And Pluto has thee in his code.
 'Tis true, you are round as a globular girth,
 And in ocean have claims to command ;
 But no hypocrite lives without you at his birth,
 And Britons speak much of thy hand !—
 Has not woe chain'd you up ? are you not in its pow'r ?
 Could mortality be but for thee ?
 For shame with you now—you are in each hour,
 And *Homely* thy boasting shall be !
 Where you not in his frown when the Godhead decreed,
 The deluge and all its sad gloom ?
 Did you not guide the flood in its mightiest speed ?
 And loudly rejoice in the doom ?
 You ride in the storm when the keen lightnings flash
 O'er the forest to rend down the oak ;

Each cloud has your care, and when thunderbolts crash,
 Thou formest a part of their stroke !—
 Away ! every fool has your friendship to claim,
 With boasters you always reside :
 Thank heaven there's no union with thine and my name,
 You are found not with parent nor bride !
 Even happiness spurns you, and talent repels
 All knowledge of things thou dost own ;
 With scorn you are viewed, and each sad bosom tells
 Your share in misfortune is known !—
 You are loud with your tongue—yet condemn'd you await
 As a fag on all robbers—and so,
 As orphans you make and poor widows create ;
 I wish you good bye—letter O !

EPITAPH

ON LAWRENCE LUMP, Esq.;
Once a quiet inhabitant of this unquiet World.

Here lies 'Squire Lawrence, settled to his will,
 Who while he lived did nothing but lie still,
 For fifty years he breath'd in yonder dell
 But what he lived *for* nobody could tell ;
 So indolent, at length, he forestall'd Death
 And died because he *would not* draw his breath.
 He wanted wisdom—yet had not much of folly,
 Mirth had he none—not much of melancholy.
 None ever praised him—few could ever blame,
 For to do nothing was his only aim ;
 Calm as a well, did life's dull current glide,
 He scarcely lived, although they say he died.

RECIPE FOR MAKING "A VERY POPULAR MODERN SONG."

Take, if you please, of witless sound,
 And empty nothings, half a pound—
 Or if to weigh the things be hard,
 Take if you like just half a yard—
 Then in some ragged rhyme confine it,
 And from all common sense refine it ;
 Set passion's bellows madly blowing,
 Then catch young Love—that urchin knowing—
 And bone and boil him in the mess,
 Till melted down by soft distress
 To one sweet mass of tenderness. }
 Whether you write for Miss or Mister
 Make from this mass a constant blister ;
 Keep them for ever on the smart,
 Blast all their hopes, and break their heart.
 It matters not—with truth 'tis spoken—
 How often modern hearts are broken.
 Let all your "pleasures" be *well jaded*,
 And all the "flowers" you use *be faded*.
 Let dark despair then bind his brows
 With twenty thousand broken vows !
 Take hope and fear, and joy and sadness,
 Which effervescing end in madness.
 All youth e'er dreamt, or manhood knew,
 The heart e'er loved, or fancy drew,
 Must all turn out *ONE curst miscarriage*,
 And end in sudden death or marriage.

Perhaps if nurs'd in solitude
 Your muse aspires to "something *good*?"
 Avoid that rock—the great *offence*
 Is truth—or wit—or common sense.
 Then let some modern man of music—
 Making both infidel and Jew sick—
 Awake his lyre, with jarring tone,
And call thy glory all his own;
 Let him strum o'er it, and turmoil it,
 Secure of this—*he cannot spoil it*.
'Tis greatly wise (your wit all fudge is)
To play the fool where fools are judges.

THE APOLOGY,

*Written at the request of a celebrated Convivialist, who
 was no singer.*

You ask for a song, and I will not be long :
 If zeal made a singer—how grand my attempt !
 I'm proud of your choice, though the want of a voice
 Should for ever from singing have kept me exempt.
 I'm not one of those who sing for applause,
 Expecting great praises as soon as they've done—
 But a bit of a go, I will give you you know,
 Just to pass the thing over and keep up the fun.

With minum and crotchet some singers hotch-potch it,
 And enrapture our souls with an air and a swell,
 So plaintive and grievous the ditties they give us,
 We weep with delight as their sorrows they tell.

Some quaver and shake till they make us all quake,
 And the gamut to atoms tear up with a run—
 But a bit of a go, I will give you you know,
 Just to pass the thing over and keep up the fun.

May mirth and good will ever dwell with us still,
 And the cordial of friendship still sweeten the glass ;
 May the morning be bright as the joys of the night,
 And this moment all others in pleasure surpass.
 But I know 'tis quite wrong to detain people long,
 And you are all tired as sure as a gun,
 So my bit of a go, I will finish you know,
 Now pass the thing over and keep up the fun.

EPITAPH

On a good old Tailor, who died Dec. 11th, 1834, aged 68 years.

No honor'd dust in pomp is sleeping here,
 Yet should this grave though mean our reverence share—
 Kings may make lords ; to them such work is given,
 An honest tailor is the work of heaven.

And such was he, now here in peace reclined,
 Of the best "cut" his maker e'er designed ;
 Though plain, the "make," the "workmanship" was good,
 And three score years and eight the "fabric" stood.

Firm the material, thread-bare, yet it grew,
 The healing art could "patch" but not renew ;
 His "measure" fill'd, he sought his native dust,
 And left his life a "pattern" for the just.

Princes and kings would they be truly great
 Like him "to order" must their work complete.
 And priests and bishops will be greatly bless'd
 If they so well their "customers" have "dress'd."

Leave, traveller, in peace, his lowly bed,
 Follow the "fashion" he so wisely led ;
 While here, thy life the various fates controul
 Of "shreds and patches" make a "comely whole."

THE LIFE BOAT.

A BRAVURA.

When on the billow cast, the Shipwreck'd mariner
 He scorns the rude surge--he fights the raging wave;
 But strength still failing him, no help nor succour near
 He sinks, still struggling, to a watery grave.

The mighty hand of Death soon seizing him,
 Cold, dark despair fast freezing him,
 Conquered—for life he scarcely breathes a sigh,
 Resigned to fate—resigned to die.

High on the fearful whirlwind wheeling,
 Round, round his head, like the wild eagle, sailing ;
 Pleased with his woe, some demon of the storm,
 Before his closing eye, presents *her form* !

Who morn and even takes her stand,
 On the highest cliff of his native land ;
 And o'er the ocean's misty brim,
 Looks out afar—afar—for him
 And breathes a sigh.

His soul returns—his bosom burns
 Again he beats his billowy bed,
 He strives—he struggles—lifts his head,
 He can't consent to die.

Hark, tis a shout that rends the air !
 The foam is cleft—a sail is near,
 The life boat trim comes booming by,
 The brave had sworn he should not die.
 The rescued victim of the storm
 Beholds indeed—*indeed ! her form*—

Who morn and even took her stand
 On the highest cliff of his native land ;
 And o'er the ocean's mighty brim,
 Look'd out afar—afar—for him.
 And on his long left native shore
 Behold they meet to part no more ?
 They meet—they meet!
 To part no more.

LOVE'S OWN HOUR.

(DUETTO.)

1

Away—tis written—fate has spoken
 The stern decree may not be broken,
 Though love had link'd us, ocean's wave
 Must roll between the fond and brave.

2

Though doom'd to cross the restless sea
 My heart and soul remain with thee.

1

There is a soft and solemn hour
 When I would have thee think of me.

2

From dawn to dark, and through each watch
 Of nights dark reign I'll think of thee.

1

When shadows soft and sun rays bright
 In heaven's blue vault are meeting,
 When rosy clouds are tipp'd with light,
 And day and night are greeting.

When one lone star, looks from above
 The matchless, peerless, Queen of love ;
 When murmuring waves are hush'd to sleep,
 Like a cradled child, the slumbering deep—
 Then think of me

Ill think of thee.

The silent rest of that still air,
 Then should some vagrant zephyr stir
 O think it is a wandering prayer
 Breath'd from the lonely heart of her
 Who thinks of thee
 (*Both repeat*)
 The silent rest &c. *

CANZONE.

Heaven's fairest child, her radiant bēw
 Hangs trembling on the rising storm,
 Is the coming hour replete with woe?
 Let fancy's rays disguise its form.
 It is not wise to mourn to day,
 To-morrow, or for yesterday.

*In repeating this in chorus, the 2nd will of course supply the appropriate pronouns.

Wisely enjoy the passing hour,
 And heed not now the clouds which low'r—
 For they may pass and not descend,
 Or falling, but refreshment bring;
 Or on their flight there may attend
 Some hope, their harshness softening.
 To us concealed the future lies,
 Why fill the blank with *shadowy* grief?
Live now—for to the good, the wise,
 Each sorrow brings its own relief.
 Rather let radiant fancy throw
 A robe of beams of fairest form,
 Around the future—like the bow
 Hung treinbling on the rising storm.*

INEZ

TO HER BILLET-DOUX.

Ah ! who would think, a thing so white
 Could e'er offend, a maiden's sight ?
 Oh who so fair a thing would shun ?
 Why one would think the cloistered nun,
 From penance free, might look upon,
 And read thee by her holy taper.

*The state of the most enchanted enthusiast is preferable to that of the man who looks into the future, and says it is all dark.—Wisdom may lie between the two extremes. Of the two follies, the gay one is certainly the most poetical, if it be not the most philosophical, the philosopher's are extremely welcome to the other for me.

Mamma says thou art marked within,
 With thoughts of frailty and sin ;
 That cloistered nun, thou soon would'st move
 From beads and prayer books, off to rove,
 Forget cold vows, and live for love
 Thou wicked little piece of paper !

Mamma's *experience* tells her so—
 I'm sure I *want* experience too ;
 So pretty little billet-doux
 Why should I pout, and frown and vapour ?
 What though Mamma may not approve ?
 One burning thought she can't remove—
 They live to *joy* who live to *love* !
 Thou darling little piece of paper.

THE HUNTING MORNING.

A DUET.

The dew drops on the daisy's brow,
 The hare has brush'd with timid feet,
 And slyly doubling from her foe
 Has softly sought her snug retreat.

The breeze is south—the upland's brow
 A misty crown adorning,
 And sparkling gems deck blade and bough
 The jovial sportman's warning.
 The gentlest zephyrs softly sigh,
 Just bend the Hare-bell as they fly ;

o

Caress the rose in wanton play,
 And kissing steal her breath away ;
 O 'tis a hunting morning,
 A noble hunting morning.

When o'er the hills at break of day,
 The Huntsman takes his careless way ;
 Whose heart from care is lighter ?

At night to jovial ease restor'd,
 Where beauty decks the social board ;
 Whose lamp of life burns brighter ?

The breeze is south—the upland's brow,
 &c. &c. &c.

SONG—THE FOREST GLEN.

Stranger, thou goest—fare thee well ;
 The morn's grey light is on the plain,
 The dew-drop gems the heather-bell,
 No longer here must thou remain.
 The moor maid's song one moment heed—
 Then on thy journey haste afar ;
 Too slow will be thy fleetest speed,
 For the pale evenings first bright star
 Must light thee to the lovely—then
 Forgett in bliss the forest glen.

Stranger, thou goest—fare-thee well,
 Forth to a foreign land afar—
 Thy path is o'er the billow's swell,
 Thy place is in the ranks of war ;
 Then like a dimly vision'd dream,
 The memory of our glen will be,
 Or like a foam-spot on the stream,
 Fast dancing downward to the sea—
 The proud will honor thee—and then
 Scorn in thy pride the forest glen.

But time must wing his airy flight,
 The fairest not the truest prove,
 Aerial visions sink in night
 Which thou wilt build on woman's love.
 Warrior—the slave who bends his knee
 To hail thee victor will betray,
 His venom fang will fix on thee,
 Ere shouts of conquest pass away ;
 Thou wilt recall—but *sadly then*—
 Thoughts of our lovely—forest glen.

272994B

SONG.

When I ponder—when I ponder,
 On my careless early days,
 Shall I fear love—shall I fear love,
 None can be so bright as these,
 Pearly dew drops—pearly dew drops
 Hang on the morning rose,
 Yet the blushing hours of evening,
 Bring others sweet as those.

Once in gladness—once in gladness,
 In my sunny spring-like hours,
 Oh I met the village maidens,
 And bound their brows with flow'rs.
 Now in sadness—now in sadness,
 For thee a wreath I've wove,
 But there is deeper—there is deeper
 True fondness in my love.

And my treasure—and my treasure,
 That deep fond love shall be,
 And my heart like some lone flower,
 Drink each pearly joy from thee.
 When the sunshine of thy beauty
 Shall light my cottage home,
 Oh the sweetest—oh the sweetest
 Of my hours will be to come.

AIR.

I often thought there was a soul
Upon the zephyr's wing,
Upon the zephyr's wing,
And oft I thought it seem'd to sigh
As near me hovering,
So tenderly,
So piteously,
Its balmy breath
Was breathed on me,
That oft I thought there was a soul
Upon the zephyr's wing.

It might not be that spirit bland,
Was near me hovering,
Was near me hovering,
But I was glad to think him thero,
For I was sorrowing—
So hopelessly,
With love for thee
And tenderly,
It sigh'd with me,
And thus I thought there was a soul
Upon the zephyr's wing.

KING CHARLES' GLEE, UNDER THE OAK,

The day after the Battle of Worcester.

When his MAJESTY descended from the Oak, he was found by COL. CARELESS, and his favourite PENDRILL. In the evening a Miller named HUMPHREY, arrived from the city, with the unwelcome intelligence that the enemy had offered a large Reward for his Person. This man brought with him at the same time some refreshments, of which his Majesty stood greatly in need, particularly wine, of which when the King had partaken, he became cheerful, and addressed those around him with the greatest affability. Seeming by his manner to indicate, that although his courage did not fail him, that a community of dangers had made them all equal.

KING CHARLES' GLEE.

Come Careless, Pendrill, jovial boys,
 And Humphrey of the mill,
 Why, thrones and empires are but toys ;
 And wine is with us still.

On rebel brows the diadem may shine,
 All is not lost to us while we have wine.

Misfortune brings the monarch down,
 And pairs him with the lowest clown ;
 But such the force of mighty wine,
 And such the power of drink divine,
 The lowest clown 'twill quickly bring,
 To swagger like the sceptr'd King.
 So freely let us quaff the draught divine,
 All is not lost to us while we have wine.

A hundred thousand crowns you say,
 The rebel wolf would give,
 Could he but slyly track my way ;
 Come ! who'll his gold receive ?
 Nay Humphry frown not honest soul,
 I know thee loyal and true,
 Come pledge with me the generous bowl ;
 And I'll stand pledged to you.
 O'er the full glass let trusty hearts combine,
 All is not lost to us for we have wine.

DEATH OF THE TRUANT PAUPER BOY.

Kind cottager, attend, and smile
 Still kindly as I die,
 I would not that a tear should wet
 Thy mild and friendly eye—
 I only need a quiet grave
 Where I may lay my head,
 And feel no more the bitter lot,
 Of one whose friends are dead.

Nay start not back—my friends are dead—
 Then search your inmost heart,
 And fancy what your thoughts will be
 When all your friends depart.
 When sun-shine shone upon the earth,
 On me no joy it shed—
 For what is sun-light to the eye,
 Of him whose friends are dead ?

Then winter came—and falling snows

Fell fast upon the earth,

I heard no more the joyous songs,

Of wild birds in their mirth :

Yet no one came to look for me

As through the waste I fled,

I was alone upon the wild

For all my friends were dead.

For, from the town I ran away,

I long'd to be alone,

What was the pauper's scanty meal

To him whose friends were gone—

For no one seem'd to understand

Nor heeded what I said,

They laugh'd and jested when I wept

Because my friends were dead.

Then drearily last night came on

Beneath the hawthorn tree,

Whose branches cloth'd with feathery snow

Was canopy for me.

I tried to think of joy and hope,

But joy and hope had fled—

There came a voice among the boughs,

Which cried thy friends are dead.

Yet even there at least I slept

And dreamt my mother's voice,

With many a well known ev'ning song

Call'd on me to rejoice.

But from my frozen heart all joy
 And joyous hope had fled,
 It seem'd to burst, as I replied
 That all my friends were dead.

Then thou didst find me cottager,
 Beneath the hawthorn tree,
 Thy words are kind—but ah too late
 Are kind words greeting me.
 I saw thee look into my face,
 There thou the truth hast read,
 'Tis written there in sorrow marks—
 That all my friends are dead.

You knew our cot upon the beach
 Which look'd upon the sea,
 Where Mother lived and fondly loved
 Poor sister Jane and me ?
 She sung to us the sweetest songs,
 The prettiest tales she read,
 No children were so blest as we,
 Before our friends were dead.

My Father battled on the sea,
 The tempest and the foe,
 He conquered oft, but was at last
 Among the brave laid low.
 And when the ships came into port,
 Around the news was spread—
 My Mother breathed one long deep sigh—
 And all our friends were dead.

So then we link'd our trembling hands,
 And wandered o'er the plain,
 We laid us down to rest at night
 Beside the roaring main.
 Upon my aching heart she laid
 Her little flaxen head,
 We slept—but when I woke again,
 Oh!—all—my friends were dead!

My home is where my kindred rest,
 A place of rest for me,
 Refreshing is that dreamless sleep,
 From pain and sorrow free—
 Then gladly lay me in the turf,
 And flowers above me spread,
 This death-pang is the only joy
 I've known since friends were dead.

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.
 (SUPPOSED TO BE DYING.)

Fleeting sun-beam, wandering here,
 Only to prove that heaven is near,
 Take away from me those eyes of light,
 So blue, so beautiful, so bright ;
 Sorrow to thee is yet unknown,
 Err'd hast thou never, lovely one,
 And thou art dying—thou wilt fly
 Thus all unsullied to the sky—

Look not fondly thus on me,
 Thing of unblemished purity ;
 For I *have* erred—and sorrowed too,
 O do not love one frail like me,
 Pass to thy rest—by earth untouched,
 Its love, its hate, unknown to thee—
 Sun-beam thou art wandering here,
 Only to show that heaven is near.

SONG.

O, it is the hour of parting
 Say good night my own love,
 On rapid wing departing,
 Our hour of bliss has flown love.
 While thy trembling heart is beating,
 And our lips in fondness meeting—
 Like kindred souls in holy greeting,
 Breathe thy soft farewell love.

As passing shadows vanish
 On the sunny main love,
 That sweet good night shall banish
 All my parting pain love.
 Deeper shades around assembling !
 And thy hand in mine is trembling,
 Let love speak out without dissembling,
 And breathe thy soft farewell love.

SONG.

The Troubadour to his carrier Dove.

Fly away carrier dove, to our own green vale,
 Where the homes of thy kindred are ;
 Where the vine-bird is chanting his long love-tale,
 And hush'd is the din of war—
 For a lady there looks from the battlement
 Which hangs o'er the restless main—
 She should know I was lord of the tournament,
 And first on the battle plain.

Till she to her wild harp hath chanted my name
 Bird of the swift wing, fame's not fame,
 Till to triumph and joy her lone heart yield
 Tis in vain I am lord of the battle field.
 Haste away - haste away - to the battlement,
 Spread thy wing o'er the stormy main —
 She *must* know I was first at the tournament
 And lord of the battle plain.

CONCLUSION.

JOSIAS HOMELY is no more.—Whether that name was assumed from caprice, or for convenience—from motives of vanity, or under the promptings of a beautiful modesty—why it was assumed at all, or why it has been abandoned, are points which it would be better to keep secret, simply because it is not worth while now to trouble the reader with any explanations about them. There is a story on record (and if I mistake not, Joseph Addison communicated it to the spectator) about an unrivalled Harlequin of the French Stage, who, was persuaded by some injudicious friend to play without his mask.—He adopted the recommendation, but when he came on, and perceived that his audience all knew him, he became so paralized by modesty that he could never cut a caper again—suffice it to say that if I have not all the modesty, I have at least much of the cowardice of that poor Fool; for now that I have been compelled by circumstances to play the same antics again, unmasked, as I once did incognito; I have felt my own clumsiness a great deal more than I ever did before. I will confess however, that I once had serious thoughts of endeavouring to recollect and to explain some of the peculiar circumstances under which many of the Songs &c., were written; but, on sec-

ond thoughts, I have come to the conclusion, that should a good tempered Reader (and I hope I shall have none that are not good tempered) should a good tempered Reader, I say, meet with one or two little things to please him, he would assuredly *forgive the rest for their sake*; but should he turn the Book all over and find nothing to please him, of what possible use would explanations be? In such a case, all that I have to do with him, is, to get rid of his acquaintance, according to the excellent rule laid down by Bayes in the Rehearsal, for such cases made and provided.

It is a poor excuse for me now to say that some of these songs and little poems were written in my childhood and early youth, before I had been guilty of the presumption of supposing that I should ever write for the public eye at all, because that cannot cover the sin of publication, and republication—upon that point, I will plead guilty,

“No more of that Hal if thou lovest me.”

I will plead guilty, I say, before a jury of my Peers, if any body can find them, but I am doubtful whether the world itself can produce twelve creatures of such surpassing oddity—if it can, it will be the richest treat upon earth to meet them—though it be only to be condemned by them. I will plead guilty, I say, before a jury of my equals, but, before they are found, I cannot distress myself about the opinions of any body else.

Yet it is plain I can gain nothing by pleading *childishness*, for it is evident that I have published them, when I am old enough to know better.

It is perhaps, a still worse explanation of the matter to say that several of these poems were written under various circumstances, when I was wandering about the world, subject to various impulses, although perhaps, a vagabond good fellowship for every body was the prevailing one.—It is still worse to say that many of them were produced under the ephemeral impressions of the passing hour, and when written, were immediately flung carelessly out upon the stream of periodical publication, with the idea that, that stream would for ever hide them. From that fate I have been induced by circumstances to rescue them, even when in some cases, I had almost forgotten their existence. Well, what excuse have I for so doing ? aye, there's the rub !—It would be quite ridiculous to say that poverty, vanity, a want of something better to do &c., &c., have caused better men to do worse things.

By all this it appears that I really have no excuse for publishing the poems, and that I am not disposed to invent any.—

When, however, I called to mind the various circumstances under which these little poems were written, (especially as some of them were written to suit the imaginary circumstances of dramatic characters) I was perfectly aware that there must be in them, *variety* amounting even to *inconsistency*, and yet after all I will candidly own, that I am rather satisfied than otherwise to find that there is in them, and through them, even so great a uniformity of principle and feeling as there is. In

these respects, these trifles present even less aberrations than I, (their Author) expected.

Such being the case, I tremble not at the destiny which awaits them. Those who have asked for these trifles, now that they have them, may lay them by, and forget their existence—few others may ever hear of them—yet, should some ingenuous youth, so fond of the flowery walks of poetry, as to pursue them into their lonely mazes and eccentricities, and thus be led to the obscure spot, where this unpresuming volume lies, I trust, whatever be his judgement of its contents, he will lay it down with no new feeling, but that of an increased good will towards his kindred of the earth.

SONGS OF DEVON
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Part 2nd.,

Contains a Selection from the Author's hitherto unpublished Poems and domestic sketches. Like the former, they have been chiefly suggested by local incidents.

RUBEN AVENEL,
OR
FIRST POETIC FEELINGS.

It fell upon him when a child at play—
That wide-spread sympathy for all that live—
That warm but wayward kindling of the heart,
Which finds relief in words of measured sound.
Had language never been, it would have glowed
Within his soul of flame, an unborn joy,
Rapture unspoken, melody unsung—
The living essence of his spirit's bliss.
Capricious impulse—vagrant flitting light!
It clothes creation in a robe of beams
Borrowed from fairy atmospheres, and wraps
In rain-bow hues unreal, this cold, bleak world.
That panting for the beautiful; that love
Of loveliness was his inheritance—

To him the well-spring of delights intense,
 The source of sorrows hidden from the herd.
 Quick sensibilities, emotions keen,
 Impressed their own deep color on his fate,
 And fix'd his lone, peculiar destiny.

The blood of warriors circled in his veins—
 Their shields are shadowing their dust's repose.
 Their fame is still the lustre of our land.
 They were a bold and stern, but generous race,
 Ready for battle or for banquet board ;
 Their chief delight was in the field of war;
 Their bucklers were a fortress to their friends ;
 Behind their flashing brands the weak reposed.
 Defiance to the hand that offered wrong,
 Though it might wear the iron glaive of power ;
 To shield the injured though to share his fate ;
 Were mottos of the house of Avenel :
 And though their records speak of deadly feuds,
 Of sudden wrath awoke at festive board,
 Of daring deed provoked by woman's love,
 Of blood shed at the sanguinary sports
 Of tilt or tournament, they neither wrong'd
 Nor suffered wrong, but flung with fearless scorn
 At the oppressor's feet their gauntlet down.
 Their firm and lofty fearlessness, undim'd,
 Within the bosom of the fair-hair'd boy,
 Proved him no recreant to his warlike line ;
 For his blue eye would brighten at the sight

Of danger, and repel the glance of pride
 With cool, unshrinking, careless, bold disdain.
 Yet the descendant of that martial race,
 The undegenerated son of heroes dead,
 Wept o'er the wild flower which his foot had crush'd.

Derided oft, misunderstood, disdain'd,
 Such tears are gems, pure diamonds of the soul—
 The power to shed them is the gift of God !

A soul delighting in the sight of joy,
 Depressed and sorrowing at another's woe—
 In restless search of something it could love,
 With an untiring energy of heart—
 And call it still his own renewing bliss
 To see it bloom unblemished by decay—
 From Him who will'd the color of his life
 The minstrel boy received—it was his fate,
 His heritage—his weakness—and his power.

His father's sword hung idly in his hall,
 He grasp'd it fearlessly, but loved it not.
 A hunter of the wild woods was his sire,
 And there, beside his sword, his bugle hung :
 But when the boy essayed a blast to blow,
 It ended in a cadence bland and soft,
 Sweet and most musical, as if the sound
 Some winged wanderer from heaven had caught
 Lingering in the green glades of the wood
 And charm'd the rude reveillie into love.

Once roaming idly through the ancient hall,
 Among neglected trophies of the chase,
 Of falconry and woodcraft, half unstrung
 He found a Cambrian Harp. His hand he flung
 With careless touch, among the trembling strings,
 And though discordant was the sound they gave,
 It 'woke within him thoughts of the unknown
 He dreamt of, storied harmony and song.

The sun went down ; the brown woods seem'd to sleep ;
 A light breeze softly sung their lullaby ;
 The moon appeared o'er Causen's rugged side ;
 Dark clouds were fring'd with light as she arose ;
 Soon, through the blazon'd window, fell her beams
 Upon his ardent face, and there at length,
 Bent o'er the harp, the lonely boy was found,
 Lisping sweet fancies to its strings unstrung.

Irregular and wild the sound which sprung
 To childhood's lips, fresh from his teeming heart,
 Glowing with embryo passions yet unborn,
 His *tones* expressed the dawning of desire,
 And fancy thus might turn them into words.

SONG

Of the minstrel boy to his mother's broken harp.

Where is the melody which lately flew,
 Harp of my mother, round these strings unstrung ?

Where are the sweet sounds now her fingers drew
 When wandering their shining lines among?
 Where is thy spirit?—where thy music fled?
 Say, (like my mother) are they with the dead?

I would awaken all thy joy again—
 I fondly strive thy mirthful strain to move,
 As if my trembling hand had caused thee pain—
 Thou answerest sadly to my touch of love.
 Harp of the beautiful, thy joy is fled—
 Mournest thou forever for the lovely dead?

The sun has set, but left his blessing here,
 His farewell beam still trembles in the sky;
 On Causen's snowy brow the moon shines clear,
 Her light is on the field and turret high—
 Her brightness gladdens lawn, and bower, and brake,
 Harp of the beautiful—awake—awake—

An inarticulated melody
 Dwelt in his yet unspoken thoughts; and I
 Love to go back again to boyish things,
 And fancy what he felt; for I have had
 Feelings myself no words could e'er express;
 And these were with me long e'er I had power
 To make rude record of my wayward thoughts.
 Nature prepares her ardent worshipper,
 By long novitiate, before he takes
 His stand beside her altar. Oft her gifts

Have lost their freshness e'er the eye of man
 Discovers their existence—oft they die
 With the warm heart which cherish'd them, expire
 Unclaiming mortal sympathy, the breath
 Of that rude clamour which the world calls fame,
 Unknown, unsought, unprized. His sweetest lays
 The son of song oft utters in the dark.
 Like the imprisoned bul-bul over which
 The fair Sultana flings her veil of snow,
 That he may chant his melody unseen.
 The youthful bard dwelt lonely in the woods ;
 His young, fresh sensibilities uncheck'd,
 But often misdirected, wildly grew
 Into a wayward energy—The sports
 Of childish years he never knew nor sought.
 A darker brown fell on his auburn locks,
 A wilder fire glow'd in his dark blue eye,
 A riper tinge embronzed his ruddy cheek,
 But life the while became an aimless dream.
 Swift was his foot upon the flowery turf,
 Yet chased he nothing but the thistle-down
 Roaming abroad upon the fitful breeze.
 Shouting he leap'd the dangerous waterfall,
 Which with redoubled shouts he cross'd again.
 Upon the plain he rein'd the unbroke steed
 And dared him to rebellion ; yet he rode
 In idle circles round the daisied field,
 Then laugh'd to give him liberty again.
 Yet in the midst of all this boist'rous joy

The thoughtful mood fell on him, (like a cloud,
 Or cloudy shadow on the river's foam
 Sparkling and dashing down the cataract)
 Then rush'd poetic feeling through his heart
 And found a record from his youthful hand.

Among the woods there stands a ruin'd fane,
 The chapel of St. Cuthbert; there repose,
 Forsaken in the forest solitude,
 The heroes of the house of Avenel,
 Or rather, dust of once heroic men.
 The minstrel sat alone by Cuthbert's shrine
 At evening tide, and rais'd his lonely song.
 The sun was setting o'er the far off heights;
 The southern tors grew dim, like evening clouds;
 Shade after shade fell on the silent woods,
 Until they slept envelop'd in the night.
 The shattered emblems of his fathers' deeds,
 Fallen from their monuments, were dimly seen
 In the last glimmer of the feeble light.
 His soul was fill'd with shadows of the past,
 He prized, 'twas natural, his fathers' fame,
 Yet pondered on the praise of bloody deeds
 And felt it was not glory! Parted from
 A nobler motive than the fame of fight,
 It were the hero's everlasting shame.
 His harp was strung to bold chivalrous strain;
 Romantic fancy check'd by *sager thought*
 Produced the lonely minstrel's first brief lay.

THE MINSTREL

AT THE GRAVES OF HIS KINDRED.

Riven—riven

By the lightning fire of heaven
 Are the banners of the brave ;
 Grim emblems of fierce victory !
 O wayward, idle mockery
 To hang them o'er the grave,
 As if 'twere glory to the dead
 That they their kindred blood had shed.

Lost—lost—

Like bubble tempest tost
 Expiring on the sea,
 The record vain of bloody deed,
 Oblivion is the final meed
 Of pride and chivalry :
 The stone unfaithful to its trust
 Betrays and mocks the nameless dust.

Found—found,

Red rusted in the ground,
 Is the warrior's blood-stain'd brand ;
 Here is the helm which graced his brow,
 His twisted mail is with us now,
 The glaive which cloth'd his hand ;
 But I his son inquire in vain
 What foes he slew ?—by whom was slain ?

Land—land,
 For whom the valiant lifted brand
 When foeman threaten'd thee,
 They lov'd thee—'twas their souls' behest
 To do for thee, and do their best—
 To die right valiantly.
 Flown is the fame they left for me,
 All but their deep, true love to thee.

He sat among the ashes of the dead.
 The bard had sung, the chronicler had wrote
 Their feats of war. He scorn'd not valiant deeds,
 But his rapt soul was roll'd into itself;
 The vanity of such a fame he saw,
 And sigh'd for days when man should be at peace—
 When the meek spirit should inherit all,
 And pure good-will man's highest honor claim.

Again his fingers wander'd through the strings ;
 It seem'd as if some vagrant zephyr swept
 Their lines with wing invisible—a strain
 Of soften'd melody, irregular,
 'Rose from the harp, the while the minstrel boy,
 Communing with the future and the past,
 After short symphony of wild sweet notes,
 Utter'd his wayward phantasies in song.

THE SPIRIT'S PROPHECY.

The earth turn'd round—Her atmosphere of light
 Like a soft radiance round a sapphire flung
 Enclosed her as a garment, whose fair hues
 Of many-color'd blended harmony
 Trembled, as the swift sun-rays shot along
 Through the thin vapours of a calm, still sky.

A spirit folded then his azure wing,
 And rested from his lone, adventurous flight,
 Where the first sunbeams struck the outmost air
 Where cloud had never soar'd, he 'lighted down
 With joy upon the atmosphere of earth.
 He, through a wilderness of many worlds,
 Had pass'd, in quest of loveliness and bliss,
 The fairest offsprings of the Parent Mind.
The Poet of a distant orb was he;
 His energy of thought had kill'd the dust
 Which clung around his being's infancy,
 And he was passing to the home of souls.
 Wonder and love possess'd him as he hung
 Like the pois'd falcon on the summer breeze
 O'er that bright scene of varied loveliness,
 And look'd—down on the dwelling-place of man.

The earth roll'd on—The sea lay spread beneath
 The smiling sky, reflecting its fair tints,
 Save where the wavelet flung its pearly crest.

Of snowy foam upon the golden sands.
 "How beautiful" the joyous spirit said,
 "Those fields of azure waters—there may dwell
 "Creatures it were immortal joy to love"—
 As from her cloud the lammergiere * descends,
 He plung'd into the deep, and rested, where
 Millions of zoophites with ceaseless toil
 Were building future continents for men.
 There for himself each tiny architect
 Rear'd his small dwelling—it became his tomb,
 His fate—to live, to struggle, and to die,
 A moving atom, knowing nought beyond
 The precincts of his prison cell. His world,
 His house in life, his sepulchre in death.
 The wonders of unreasoning instinct there
 He saw. Unconscious of a tendency
 It labour'd, and scarce knowing life it lived
 Unconscious too of death ; at length it died,
 And then its atoms mingled with the stone,
 Its everlasting monumental urn.
 It knew not aught existed but itself.
 The millions of its kindred all around
 Toiling to change the bottom of the deep,
 Building another surface for a world,
 Claim'd not its sympathies ; darkly alone
 The animated atom lived and died.
 "How wonderful is life" the spirit said,
 "Existing in the dust! Here first it dawns,

* The Eagle of the Alps.

"A living stone receives it and transmits
 "Its essence to another: yet there dwells
 "In this blunt consciousness no sense of self,
 "Nor sympathy for others—love may waste
 "Its own eternal energies, unbliss'd
 "By that exchange which is its crowning joy.
 "This form of life, however beautiful,
 "Claims not from me a spirit's *kindred* love."

The earth turn'd round—The deep lay hush'd in night,
 The spirit shot along the darken'd waves
 Until the sunrise of another dawn
 With golden sparkle tip'd each heaving wave.
 The finny families with gem-like scales
 Came rushing by in happy multitudes;
 Some gaily sporting in the morning beams
 With ever varying hues, which trembling changed
 In each glad motion, swift as flitting thoughts.
 The widely spreading waters, canopied
 By that blue heaven's serenity, and lit
 By soften'd sun-rays shooting through their depths,
 Seem'd for the happy tribes a home of bliss.
 The pilgrim of the universe rejoic'd
 In sympathetic gladness with the glad.
 But soon the tyrants of the deep appear'd,
 The weak became their prey! They fed upon
 The quivering bodies of their victims frail
 Ere life had parted from their trembling food.
 His love-born, sympathetic joy repress'd,

With all the sadness which the blest can know,
 The spirit, borne upon a zephyr's wing,
 Far from the ocean flew—away—away.

The earth roll'd on—and evening's holy calm
 Hung o'er the valley of a forest old,
 Where tree and shrub had for a thousand years
 Lived, grown, decayed, and pass'd again to dust,
 Their fruits unpluck'd, their beauty unobserv'd.
 Blue water-lilies seem'd to catch with joy
 The falling diamonds from a fountain's gush,
 O'er which an aged willow hung far round
 Its waving boughs, which bent to kiss the stream,
 And all its drooping garlands seem'd to sigh
 And whisper words, as through them pass'd the breeze.
 The sweet-briars trembled when the willow waved
 And flung around their breath of rich perfume;
 The swift wing'd birds which knew not of restraint,
 And never dreamt of fear, from joyous flight
 Rested, and sung their evening hymns.
 High in the willow's canopy of green
 A dove breathed forth her plaintive melody;
 It seem'd the melting of her heart in love,
 While half expiring with delight, she fed,
 Caress'd, and murmur'd o'er her little brood.
 A thrill of sweetest sympathy again
 Made the glad spirit tremble, much he fear'd,
 While hovering round, to break the holy rest
 Of the hush'd air; and when the passing breeze

'Rose like a sudden sigh among the leaves,
 He grieved to see it stir the purple down
 Upon her panting breast, and dreaded lest
 Ruffling her pinion 'twould disturb her joy—
 A falcon struck the anxious mother down,
 And prey'd upon her heart. The spirit flew
 From the green forest glade—away—away.

The earth turn'd round—The morn'ning's beams
 Fell on a mighty river, broad and deep,
 In whose capacious estuary met
 The waters of a continent. Wild woods
 Spread wide and far, a tangled wilderness,
 Where the young sapling sprung, uncheck'd, untrain'd,
 Beside the aged tree in its decay,
 Worn by the winds of centuries, and dead.
 Through those green bowers of desolation pass'd
 With silent flight the wond'ring spirit on,
 But reated where the river's silvery tide
 Curl'd round, and form'd a little tranquil bay,
 Where thousands of wild flowers bent their heads
 To look into the glassy stream, and shed
 Their sweetest breath upon the whispering wave.
 There in the hollow of a rifted rock,
 Hung o'er with eglantines, he found a cave,
 In which a youthful mother nurs'd a babe;
 Half hidden in her flowing hair he lay,
 And press'd with rosy lips her panting breast
 An unpremeditated lay of love,

The overflowing of her teeming heart
 Fell from her ruby lips, which he repaid,
 With imitative murmur, as he shot
 His keen, arch glances through her tresses dark
 Hung like a veil around his joyous face,
 Or where the song most pleas'd his childish thought,
 He join'd the chorus of his deep rich laugh,
 More musical to her than welcome lays
 Chanted by Cherubim to happy souls.
 Resting from toil, upon a mossy couch
 Reposed a warrior of the wilderness.
 Uncloth'd his sinewy limb, unclip'd his hair,
 His half-clos'd eye still rested on the boy,
 His drowsy ear drank in the lullaby.
 The mother chanted to the laughing child ;
 And he the foremost of the tribe in fight,
 The mighty chieftain, fierce and obdurate,
 Sigh'd like a tender maid ; his heart of steel
 Seem'd, drop by drop, dissolving into love.
 So joyous was the sympathetic thrill
 Which through his being pass'd, the spirit leapt
 High in the air—it seem'd electric flame
 Had shot from earth and pass'd into the clouds—
 Then trembling like a sigh from lips that love,
 Gently he sunk again towards the earth
 And fell upon the waters—It might seem
 That rain-drops, pure and all invisible,
 Had dimpled for a while the smiling stream.
 The warrior placed his hand upon his boy

And slept. Charm'd by that sacred touch, the child
 Closed the dark fringes o'er his flame-like eyes,
 And sunk in smiling slumber. One alone
 Kept an unwearied watch ; 'twas Adela,
 The mother and the wife.

O man ! O man !

How little in thy turbulent career
 Dost thou regard such watchful guardianship ?
 O little dost thou reck how often she
 Who loved thee in thy wayward infancy,
 Sooth'd with enduring love thy fitful sleep.
 And less regardest still, perhaps, *her care*,
 Who rent like flax her earliest, tenderest ties
 To walk the desert of the earth with thee.
 When thou art wearied out with empty cares,
 Or still more empty joys ; she vigil keeps,
 Her heart bleeds silently, and all for thee,
 While thou art lock'd, the while, in troubled sleep,
 Unconscious of the charm her silent love
 Is shedding, like a spell around thy rest.

A serpent to the heart of *man*, *man* is,
 A pitiable, pardonable fool—
 Ingrate to *woman*—demons laugh at him—
 Angels forsake him—mercy's self forgets.

The spirit look'd upon the tranquil rest
 Of those who slept, but more on her who watch'd.

There seem'd to emanate from her full heart
 Magnetic influence, like secret spell
 Binding the three in one, by sacred bands
 Of living strength—the soul's attractive power.
 There came a sound, so light, it scarcely struck
 Upon the eager ear, but left in doubt—
 Was it the crushing of a young, green bough?
 Or echo of a step, which might have press'd
 With stealthy haste the primrose of the vale?
 It seem'd to thrill through every quiv'ring nerve
 Of the fair sentinel; and bending down
 Upon the warrior's face, she whisper'd words
 So soft, they scarcely seem'd a louder breath—
 With noiseless motion soon he stood erect.

The woods were fill'd with secret enemies.
 Foes to their tribe had trac'd their hiding place;
 Their shouts of vengeance now arose around.
 Seizing the weapons of his warfare rude,
 The hero with a shout of scorn replied.
 The foes came rushing on—the foremost fell
 Like slaughter'd hounds before the uprousd wolf,
 For death was in his hands—but soon he fell,
 And with the curses of unconquer'd hate
 Upon his lips, expired. The boy they flung
 High in the air, and caught him on a spear.
 While yet his death-shrick echo'd through the dell,
 The conqueror approach'd with hideous smile,
 And offer'd Adela his lawless love!

She seem'd to yield—answer'd his loath'd caress
 With sweet but guileful smile ; she watch'd his eye ;
 Saw by its deaden'd glare, suspicion slept
 Within his brutal soul, then rais'd her arm,
 A lightning flame seem'd gleaming round her hand,
 A secret dagger through his treacherous heart
 Shot like a meteor-bolt, so swift and sure,
 That life rush'd out in one red boiling gush.
 The tribe yell'd horribly a dreadful shout,
 But ere their torturers could seize the blade
 It cleft with deadly aim her own pure heart.
 The blood of Adela fell heavily
 In big and burning drops upon the flowers—
 They bow'd their heads and died ; then silently
 It crept through yellow sands into the stream—
 The waters gurgled, curl'd, and rush'd away
 In troubled circles, round the little creek,
 As if to shun its sad companionship.
 All living things that dwelt within the stream,
 Cleft the bright air, or through the forest stray'd,
 Forsook the woodland bay. The spirit rose
 With heavy flight, though on immortal wing,
 Shun'd the bright day, and rush'd into the night.

A shepherd boy who watch'd a slumb'ring flock,
 Said, that a voice of weeping, sad, but sweet,
 Floated around him in the calm, still air ;
 And falling stars, which might be radiant tears,
 Fell through the darkness all that solemn eve.

The world turn'd round—Again the morning broke
 O'er the green pastures of a flow'r strew'd isle,
 And sparkled on its playful mountain streams.
 With music of his flagelet, the boy
 Who said he had observed the falling stars,
 Awoke his drowsy charge, and led them forth
 To the green margin of a gushing stream.
 With clarion shrill, from cot to cot, the cock
 Awoke the drowsy hinds, and spread the news
 That day was walking o'er the eastern hills.
 The swallow darted from the thatch with joy ;
 The lark shook off the dew-drop form her wing,
 Rose from her grassy nest with spiral flight,
 And sang among the clouds. The birds which dip
 Their pinions in the waters, sported there,
 Beating with joyous wing the waving pool ;
 The generous steed aroused his noble strength,
 Led by a child, commenced his willing toil.
 A trumpet from their labours call'd the swains,
 A priest brought forth a banner, blest it, bade
 His followers battle for the Prince of peace—
 The earth was dyed with blood.

Indignant scorn

Check'd for a while, the spirit's sympathy ;
 Compassion, by disdainful wonder, curb'd,
 Lay darken'd for a moment in his thought,
 But cloud of painful feeling could not rest
 Upon his happy being. Yet to shun

Feelings which turn e'en love itself to pain,
 Man must be shun'd, and his insane delights,
 His cruel friendships, and his childish wars.
 So rapid was the spirit's eager flight
 From that dread scene of wrath and violence,
 It seem'd the rushing of a hurricane—
 The frightened sea-boy, to the rocking mast
 Clung, as he heard it wail and groan around,
 And saw the parting billows separate
 In one long line before the sudden gust,
 As from the isle of blood the spirit flew
 Away—away—away!

THE PROPHECY.

Within the bosom of an amber cloud
 Which check'd the sunbeam's flight with filmy wreaths
 Of varigated vapour, forming domes
 Resting on snowy columns edg'd with gold,
 O'er halls aerial, hung with rainbow hues,
 Floor'd by soft azure, canopied with white,
 Through which a trembling zephyr's fitful breath
 Pass'd like a sigh, yet seem'd afraid to break
 The holy rest—tranquil the spirit lay,
 And cast on earth a pensive farewell glance.

The stranger now had flown in eager flight
 From pole to pole, and round the rolling globe;
 Through teeming city and o'er silent waste;
 Mountain and billow; cultivated field;

O'er unknown prairies by man unclaim'd;
 Through crowded marts of artificial wealth;
 The embryo cities of the wilderness
 Arising in the solitude, had mark'd;
 Drawing forth millions to the desert wilds
 From the vast multitudes of ancient lands.
 He'd found the ruins of those cities old,
 Whose names had awed the world. A polish'd shaft,
 A fretted capital, in floating sands
 Embeded, told their history—their fame—
 Their greatness and their fall. He also found
 Those mighty mounds—gigantic monuments,
 Which speak of teeming millions swept away
 From wastes which men think undiscovered lands;
 Tho' each green blade which springs on those vast fields
 Is nurtur'd by the blood and dust of man.
 Imperfect records these, which dimly mark
 A lagging progress, slow from stage to stage,
 Yet *prove progression* even in decay.
 Of all that conquers man, and all he rules,
 He form'd just estimate, and in the past
 Read of futurity—the yet unknown.

“Roll on fair orb—in joy roll on—roll on,
 For thou art wheeling to more perfect good,
 An erring race” at length the spirit said.
 “They have internal energies of soul,
 And native tendencies, (thongh hidden long
 Like trembling lightnings in the thunder-cloud)

Which shall spring up and gain ascendency
 Triumphant at last, and all be light
 Where darkness and remorse have rested long."

"A lost abortion of the parent mind
 Flung from the hand which fashion'd him, away
 Disdainfully, to wander in the dark
 Man now appears, spoil'd, useless, and cast off—
 Its very imperfections show the work
 Unfinished, or its Maker also weak !
 But who *can* doubt Him, Powerful and Good !
 Wise to design, and mighty to complete ?"

"He dwelt among the darkness, ere a sun
 Look'd fondly round upon its rolling train,
 And thought *Thought* into being ! Needing nought,
 To perfect his own perfect happiness,
 He will'd a universe of circling spheres,
 Awoke the drowsy dust to sense and life,
 That with *young thought*, his favourite progeny,
 He might communicate, unseen, unknown.
 But whence come pain and sorrow, if the Power
 Who call'd on nothing and it thought—wills nought
 But to communicate felicity ?"

"Whence come those essences who dwell in dust ?
 Did stern compulsion link them to the flesh
 And soil what perfect sprung from the *First Mind* ?
 Suspicion hovers o'er the darken'd soul
 But dares not light its trembling foot on **HIM**.

It may not be—but immaterial minds,
 Free souls—the noblest, purest essences,
 Spirits, who were archangels, might have rush'd
 To earth, and link'd themselves to suffering worms,
 Gladly enduring all their earth-born pains,
 That they might learn the wonders of his hand
 Working with matter—of Creating thought
 The second child. Inhabiting the dust,
 There for a time they darkly, sadly roam.
 Lost is their consciousness of higher state—
 Or their brief trial itself were worse than lost.
 A deadly rest falls on th'immortal *Thought*—
 He slowly wakes surrounded by the sense,
 Blinded, his sole ideas come from it.
 A youth of animal delights, manhood
 Of gloomy cares, old age of pains succeed,
 The quivering nerve, and animated brain,
 And all deceptive senses, rule their guest,
 Archangel though he be. In troubled dreams
 He wanders doubtingly, and even dreads
 A deadlier death than that the flesh can know.
 Death—the companion of his life, his bane,
 Heard in the flutter of an insect's wing;
 Seen in the thorn embosom'd in the rose,
 Felt in the breeze that fans his aching brow—
 Dreadful commander of the angry sea;
 Awful controuler of the earthquake's burst;
 Lord of the tempest—Emperor of Earth,
 Is but the messenger that calls him back;

He soars again to his first seat of bliss,
 Furnish'd with reflections (*knowing pain*
 And *earthly joy*, by dwelling in the clay)
 To occupy a whole Eternity!

“The mighty secret's told. It was decreed
 Ten thousand thousand years should pass o'er earth.
 Ere human mind should know that lofty truth,
 And then begin the new, the second state.
 Those who have suffer'd and have pass'd away,
 Complain not of the destiny they chose,
 But dwell among their glories, watching earth
 With an intensity of love and mingled hope—
 They are around me, brothers Hail all Hail!”

The vapoury chambers of the amber cloud
 Shook with the friendly greetings of the blest,
 Then melted into thousands of bright drops
 Of silvery rain. The heaven was one pure blue,
 Save that an arch of soft and snowy light
 Shot through the zenith, circling o'er the world.
 Millions of spirits who had dwelt on earth
 Form'd this bright band around the stranger guest,
 For it had been foretold that one should come
 Among them from some distant orb, and tell,
 With thought intuitive, what man *shall be*.

The mariner upon the sea observed
 One fair, faint light, filling the concave heaven;

Then saw it rise, until it seem'd a star
 Surrounded by its halo ; bright it shone—
 That brightness was the spirit traveller—
 The radiance, millions waiting to receive
 His thoughts benevolent ; and thus they flowed.

“Spirits—kindred to God and man, all hail !
 Ye who have dwelt in dust, and sympathise
 Still with the seeming erring race beneath !
 It was decreed that none of you should solve
 Its final destiny. I felt desire,
 The cause of which I knew not, thitherward
 To wing my flight adventurous, and found,
 Suffering and joy, and good with evil mix'd
 In earthly natures, chiefly so in man.
 There dwells unfathomable mystery
 In every form of life which breathes in dust ;
 A seeming stern, but kind necessity,
 For those who roam the earth unknowing death
 Provides. They wake—they live—they fall asleep
 Unknowing hope, and fearing nought but pain
 They gain maturity, their perfect state,
 Without anxiety or care ; the past
 To them is lost ; the present is their all ;
 The future is unclaim'd and undesired ;
 They make no progress on from age to age.
 And what relation to eternity
 Aught dwelling in their organism bears,
 Must be untold—Their earthly fate is known,

Their future is a copy of the past
 From race to race, till time shall be no more."

"Man, the most helpless, seemingly unfit
 To struggle with his hard necessities,
 Becomes e'en by the pressure of his wants
 The conqueror of all, and rules the globe.
 Long has he wander'd in the dark
 Misguided and bewilder'd, yet has learnt
 To vanquish nature, e'en by nature's laws—
 By application of a stronger power.
 Will he not perfect what imperfect trial
 Has shown to be his highest, noblest gift ?
 That all subduing reason, which will guide
 Him to his greatest happiness, and marks
 Perfect obedience for complete command ?
 He will ; and knowing nature learn to know
 Himself. A perfect organism springs
 From culture not from accident ; disease
 Exists, only to guide him into health ;
 And punishment, arm'd with her scorpion stings
 To lash him to felicity. The past
 A record of confusion, uniform
 In one great truth alone, completely proves
 That happiness is harmony of thought—
 A pleasing consciousness, which dwells
 In blended energies, where mental powers
 Are each existing in its perfect strength,
 Yet each obedient in the blended whole.

The changeful circumstances which surround
 The storm beat, helpless wanderer of earth
 The weather of his little day—will change:
 His strengthen'd hand will fix the shifting winds,
 And all be harmony with his pure wish."

"The complicated, seeming erring brain,
 Shall work in harmony; the fleshly wish
 Shall to the nobler intellect succumb,
 And moral truth from contradiction rise
 As springs the fairest flow'r from mould'ring dust.
 The waited for, the sabbath, and the change
 Shall then descend upon the happy earth,
 And all impressions from without shall blend
 Into one focus of felicity;
 And man shall walk with God and God with man!
 The pestilence, the famine, and the sword;
 The torture, and the martyr's fiery bed;
 The wants of poverty; the wants of pride;
 The seeming nothingness of earthly good;
 The dread reality of human ill,
 Shall all prove instruments to raise the dust
 Into communion with the Parent Mind!
 Matter, and spirit, both created good,
 Mingling may disagree, and evil seem
 The result of the conflict, but at length,
 Link'd in blest union they shall worship God!
 And He, their everlasting parent, love
 His long divided children with delight;

Concentrating in both—roll on fair earth,
 For thou art rolling to more perfect bliss
 A long mistaken and an erring race."

A shout of grand impassion'd melody
 'Rose from the disembodied men—all rush'd
 Like one vast stream of lightning on the earth,
 And night was for an instant day, and day
 Fill'd with a light unknown to day before.
 Around the palaces, the cottage homes,
 The winds seem'd eloquent with floating words,
 As if of fathers blessing virtuous sons.
 And oft there came a cadence, sweet but sad,
 As if a mother with excess of joy
 Wept o'er her own—Mothers of the earth
 May roam from world to world in quest of good,
 But they are mothers still—

* * * * *

Here the boy
 Thought on *his* mother, and a gush of tears
 Finished his foolish fable—She was dead,
 And yet he thought some holy yearnings still
 Might link her heart to *his*. He was a child,
 And so I leave him to the *kind and good*.

CASTLE STARNHAUFF.

(A Ballad of Poland.)

They are weaving flowers—they are weaving flowers
 In Castle Starnhauff's sunny bowers;
 And the Vistula's waters with foam-drops white
 Are dancing along in the bright sun light,
 And fair Agatha gives to bold Tremmer's son
 The rich prize which his patriot valour has won,
 And the hand of the lovely to day will reward
 Him, who bravely has fought Poland's freedom to guard.

There's a sound of dread—there's a sound of dread,
 Like a coming host!—like the war-steed's tread!
 No. The bender of pines, the breeze of the hills,
 Has shaken the boughs o'er the forest rills,
 And bending each wild flower's fragile stem,
 Sighs aloud at the thought of leaving them.
 The wine cup fill, let each heart be gay,
 Like the flower of field we pass away.

'Twas a martial note—'twas a martial note
 Which then on the forest echoes smote!
 No. The hunter returning with belt and spear,
 From the toil of the chase is drawing near;
 He is bringing spoils from the upland and fell,
 And is hastening home to the festival.
 The wine cup drain—let each heart be gay—
 Like the leaves of the forest we pass away.

The priest is cloth'd in his vestments white,
 The lovely and valiant with joy to unite—
 But the hosts of the tyrant are there—forever
 Asunder the valiant and lovely to sever,
 For a slave had breath'd in the tyrant's ear,
 And the heart of the spoiler had melted with fear,
 And exile and chains were decreed to the brave
 Through the poison'd breath of the coward slave.

They are weaving flowers—they are weaving flowers
 In Castle Starnhauff's moon-lit bowers ;
 And the Vistula's waters with foam-drops white
 Are dancing along in the soft moon light,
 But the bridal wreath on the bier is spread,
 And the bride at the altar lies cold and dead ;
 At morn—like the rose in its bloom was the bride,
 At even—'tis withered and cast aside.

There's an oath of dread—there's an oath of dread,
 It was breath'd o'er the face of the lovely dead,
 Far holier than relic, or cross, or book
 Seem'd the pathos deep of that silent look ;
 'Tis an oath of the soul, unwritten, unsaid,
 Yet the thrones of the earth has it shaken with dread,
 'Tis enshrin'd in the hearts of the manly brave,
 'Tis—Death to each tyrant and coward slave.

THOUGHTS

Suggested by entering KINGSBIDGE, for the first time, and accidentally witnessing the funeral procession of the late Mr. Kirby, and the popular sympathy occasioned by his lamented death. He had long been in ill health, and had just taken leave of his children, previous to his departure for India, when he fell down and instantly expired.

(A FRAGMENT.)

—There is a nameless dread, or rather doubt,
 Perhaps a mingling of them both, which falls
 Like passing cloud upon the lonely heart,
 Which hails the stranger—wheresoe'er he dwells.
 The land may be his own dear isle,
 The stranger of his kindred and his tongue ;
 And Holman journeying in the wilderness,
 In helpless darkness, to the Arab tents,
 Feels not alone this dark depressing gloom.
 How oft have I while wandering in the fields
 Of merry England, felt the nameless pang,
 Which told me novelty was nought to *home*.
 —It needs not horrors of the forest old,
 Untenanted of man and desolate—
 Nor lands where man is but a wolf to man,
 And to the stranger but a beast of prey—
 Nor Lapland wastes—nor months of sunless snows.
 The gloom is on the spirit, not the scene.
 How eagerly at such a moment roams
 From face to face the searching anxious eye ;
 How drinks the thirsty ear each novel sound ;
 How yearns the soul to know the character
 Of the new world to which we are arrived.

A flood of new impressions strike the sense
 And leave a deathless impress on the mind.
 'Twas thus, a scene by no means new or rare
 Remains engraven on a stranger's heart.

* * * * *

The morning yet was in its freshest prime ;
 The sky a bright untarnished sheet of blue ;
 The breeze was sea-ward bound, but on the shore
 Fell on the waters with so light a wing,
 That they but smiled to greet him as he pass'd ;
 The wavelet died ere it could reach the shore ;
 The wild flowers seem'd to pine with too much joy,
 And shut their timid eyes, as if to shun
 The brightness of a day so beautiful ;
 And no excuse for sadness could be seen.
 We journeyed on amidst a jovial throng,
 Ourselves made jovial by their rustic mirth.
 The sturdy tillers of the ground, with joy,
 Brought forth the produce of their useful toil,
 And 'midst the roar of joyous festival
*Proclaim'd how little LABOUR wants from PRIDE**

A sudden turn, at once, reveal'd a scene,
 Which fell like darkness on a sun-lit sea
 Upon the saddened heart. A silent crowd,
 With eager looks of mute, respectful grief,
 Compos'd it seem'd of every grade and class,

* It was the day of the monthly market at Dodbrook.

Waited for some sad spectacle, which all
 Desired to see, yet all appeared to dread.
 From beauty's diamond eye there fell a pearl
 Of silent sympathy. The aged men
 Shook their white locks with mute and deep distress ;
 The sturdy sons of scarcely ceasing toil
 Stood for a while in sad and troubled rest ;
 And closer to her heart each mother held
 Her darling boy ; and he look'd up and ask'd
 Why sudden grief had lighted on the face,
 Which e'er till now, had met his own with smiles.
 And why was this ?—I will record the cause
 With trembling hand, but with exulting heart.
 Read—haters of old England—ye who scorn
 Devonia's rude and simple hearted sons,
 Whose heartless emptiness has nurtured doubt
 Of England's nobleness, or Devon's worth—
 Learn why thus sorrow hush'd the market crowd,
'Twas sympathy with those who mourn had made them sad!

A father had bowed down to bless his boy
 In all the agony of *parting* grief—
 With these sweet words of blessing on his lips
 Expired !

The fond heart render'd up its all,
 And died. The past and future met. His soul
 The struggle with them both could not endure.

All his past joys rush'd back upon his heart—
 Its future desolation clip'd it round,
 Like frozen zone of adamantine ice ;
 It broke—his heart wept blood—and ceased to move !

O who allured by hopes of gain alone,
Could leave this his land of generous sympathies
 For one of pearls, barbaric gold, and blood,
 Nor cast a sad, unwilling look behind ?
 He *knew* the dreadful contrast, and he *felt*.
 Too well he knew the dark, terrific truth,
 When Juggernaut his hundred victims claims
 Ten thousand bleed to sate the sordid power,
 The Moloch of the white man's worship—*wealth* ?
 One holy aspiration filled his heart—
 It broke in giving it—his spirit flew
 To heaven, before the mercy seat, to pour
 Its generous sacrifice—its offering pure,
 A blessing on his country and his child !

THE BLUE EYED MAID.

A SONG.

In the gay crowd he felt alone,
 And at the festive board
 The freshness from his joys had fled,
 It ne'er could be restor'd—

Through well known scenes of faded bliss
 In pensive mood he stray'd—
 Like flow'ret flung upon his path
 He found his blue-eyed maid.

There was a blush upon her cheeks,
 A glow upon her lips,
 Like blossoms of the sunny fields
 At which the brown bee sips.
 Bright visions o'er his moody soul
 Like fairy beacons stray'd,
 Its waning light his soul relumed—
 He loved the blue-eyed maid.

Misfortune fell upon his path—
 She solace round him shed,
 For music dwelt upon her lips
 When shunshine friends were fled.
 He saw the tear on friendly eyes,
 And heard the foe upbraid,
 Yet lovely was the constant smile
 Of one—his blue-eyed maid.

The treasure of his lonely soul—
 His gem of highest worth—
 Like dew-drop flung from paradise
 On the parch'd child of earth,
 As through this wilderness of cares
 With falter'ring steps he's stray'd
 Has been to him the lonely love
 Of her—his blue-eyed maid.

THE MOOR MAID'S JEALOUSY.

(A Ballad.)

When the lark is at rest, in her grass-woven nest,
 And the lapwing at even is seeking her home;
 When the last light of day is just dying away,
 And the ring-plover's sleeping among the green broom,
 And the plover sleeps in the green broom.

When silence prevails o'er the hills and the dales,
 And day with its noise and its labour is o'er.
 O then comes a sound, which makes my heart bound,
 For Charley comes whistling over the moor,
 O Charley comes over the moor.

Yet, once it was said, that a wealthy young maid
 Had wiled off his heart, with her wealth and her store,
 And my heart died away, as I heard people say,
 "Now he'll never go whistling over the moor,"
 No, he'll never go over the moor!

And yet, if he should, why where'd be the good,
 In his impudent face I *would* shut the front door,
 And thus *must* I speak, altho' my heart break,
 "Sir, you may go back again over the moor,"
 "Yes, back again over the moor!"

But quickly I knew that Charley was *true*—
 O his heart was a treasure not won by *her* store,

And in spite of my pride, O anger soon died
 When I thought he'll now come again over the moor,
 Yes—*whistling* over the moor.

When the day went to rest, with a smile in the west,
 I, some-how or other, was out by the door,
 And my heart grew so weak, that tears stole down my cheek
 When I saw the brave fellow come over the moor,
 Yes—*WHISTLING* over the moor.

E F F I E

A SONG.

I met her where the heather-bell
 Lay brightly gem'd with pearls of dew,
 When sun-light soft, first lit the dell,
 And on the fount a faint blush threw.
 From trance of joy the wild birds 'woke—
 Her song like theirs was sweet—was gay—
 The spring flow'rs smil'd as morning broke—
 And *she* was beautiful as they.
 And ne'er a lighter footstep fell
 Upon the scarce crush'd heather-bell.

I wander'd far—the heather-bell
 Forsook awhile for richer fields,
 But sadness on my spirit fell,
 Amidst the joys their richness yields.

Uncharm'd I heard the sweeter strain
 Which gay plum'd *captives* there might sing—
 My sad heart pined to hear again
 The flutter of the *free bird's* wing—
 For the fountain of the lonely fell—
 And the maid who trod the heather-bell.

I came again—the heather-bell
 Lay wither'd by the fountain's side ;
 The north wind's wing had swept the dell,
 And blighted was its flow'ry pride.
 The gushing fount was lock'd in ice,
 And still as death its wanton play ;
 And silent was the song-bird's voice,
 And she as silent too as they
 Lay slumb'ring in that lonely dell,
 Shrin'd by the wither'd heather-bell.

SONG.

Breathe on thy flagelet, mountain boy—
 O my soul panteth for the soften'd joy,
 Which flows so tenderly through thy lay,
 Soft as young passion's voice, wild and gay.
 I hear the dashing of our Alpine streams,
 I hear the mountain breeze in pine woods sigh
 When I am lull'd by thee in fairy dreams,
 Backward thro' many years my fond thoughts fly

O my soul panteth for that soften'd joy—
Breathe on thy flagelet, mountain boy.

Breathe on thy flagelet an Alpine song—
I in the stranger's land have tarried long ;
Wildly mad passions o'er my lorn heart stray ;
Rain now the sweetness of thine Alpine lay
On my vex'd spirit—parch'd with care—
Bring back the visions of my early days,
Which flitted ere I knew how sweet they were,
Yet they seem floating round in thy soft lays,
And my soul panteth for that soften'd joy—
Breathe on thy flagelet, mountain boy.

EPITAPH ON A PRINTER

LATELY IN CONNESSION WITH A CELEBRATED REVIEWER.

Here, like a blotted, marr'd, ill finished page,
On which the maker's image was impress'd,
But torn and tarnish'd by blind passion' rage
A little restless thing is gone to rest.

Where Prince nor Prelate dared attempt command
He ruled—and set the snarling world at strife ;
He hated peace— still rais'd his smutty hand
To give sage nonsense an eternal life.
He, as a fitting tool, old Pompous tried—
He breathed the venom of *his* thoughts—and died.

HESITATION,

A CANZONET.

The woman who but *hesitates* is lost.

BYRON.

There was love on his lips— so she turn'd away,
 And felt she could never forgive him ;
 There was that in his dark eye which seem'd to say
 She must never, must never receive him.
 Yet when she thought what a world 'twould be
 If she were entirely without him,
 She resolv'd to remain one half hour more
 And speak to her conscience about him.

She own'd, at length, that her heart was not right—
 And she never should cease to regret it ;
 He allow'd 'twas "old Hornie" who tempted to sin,
 Yet he lov'd her and could not forget it.
 'Twas no subject for fun, for things hastily done,
 Might lead to long trouble and sorrow—
 Yet their thoughts were so mix'd, that their bridal was fix'd
And they both became one on the morrow !

YOUNG LOVE'S CAPRICE.

A SONG.

*Addressed to * * * **

Vain is regret for moments flitted,
 Like stars into the night;
 E'en though young Love came hither with them,
 And with them took his flight.
 The fond heart yields to his dominion
 With joy and artless mirth—
 But the light which floats about his pinion
 Is not a thing of earth.

When thy frail hand can rein the tempest,
 And hush in silent night;
 When the lightning flame thou'st taught to linger,
 And check'd its rapid flight;
 Then may'st thou curb young passion coming;
 Then may'st resist his sway;
 O then thou may'st prevent his roaming,
 And, charm'd—he here will stay.

How dull a dream of life without him—
 He comes, and earth is heaven!
 For there's a robe of beams about him,
 To vanquish souls 'twas given.

v

And joy dwells under his dominion ;
 There hope is link'd to mirth—
 Yet the light which floats about his pinion
 Is not a thing of earth.

BRIGHT DAYS OF WINTER.

A SONG.

Bright days of winter, hither ye come,
 Like dwellers in light, who have wander'd from home ;
 O ye soar quickly by us, on pinions so light,
 And though few are your numbers, yet rapid your flight.
 There is cold in your sunshine, in its sweetness alloy,
 In your smile there is sadness, though mingled with joy—
 O bright days of winter, though hither ye come,
 Ye are dwellers in light who have wander'd from home.

Bright days of winter, pale emblems are ye
 Of the fast fading pleasures around us which flee.
 Behold it is morning—their smile is so bright,
 We look fondly on them—they have rush'd into night—
 O the earth was a desert ere that sweet smile was known,
 But the blackness of darkness is here when tis gone—
 O bright days of winter, pale emblems are ye
 Of the swift fading pleasures around us which flee.

ANACREONTIC SONG,

I pant to hear the burning words
 Which thrill through every vein ;
 I'm waiting for the hallow'd thoughts
 Which live in fervid brain :
 I shrink from dull reality,
 I want to live a dream,
 I'd travel through the marshy lands
 Where fairy beacons gleam—
 And suffer darkness and despair
 So that the elfin lights were there.

I've number'd years—the wine cup bring,
 'Tis but my *lip* is cold ;
 The spirit through me quivering
 Has not—like dust—grown old ;
 It panteth for a bliss unknown,
 It waiteth for delight ;
 Though youthful visions all are flown,
 It will not own 'tis night—
 The drink of heaven—thy nectar Jove !
 Was friendship steep'd in woman's love.

Then lull me into visions bland ;
 The world, you say, demands my hate .
 But I would dream my days away,
 And wish the world a better fate.

O let my heart be doating still
O'er visions bright of woman's truth ;
Let it rely on manly faith,
As firmly as in days of youth.
The drink of heaven—thy nectar Jove !
Was friendship steep'd in woman's love.

CREWS, PRINTER, NEWTON.

